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FOUND DEAD IN BED TUESDAY EVENING

William B. Dutcher Had Passed Away During the Day.

HE WAS LIVING ALONE AT TIME

His Death Was Due to Asthma—Had Been Seen Alive That Morning—Funeral Will Be Friday and Burial at Ithaca N Y—Survived by One Sister

The lifeless body of William B Dutcher was found in his bed at his home on Marvin creek about five and a half miles from this place shortly after six o clock Tuesday evening The discovery was made by the Van Sickle brothers who kept their teams in his barn when they returned from their days work

One of the Van Sickles went to the house to get some water for the horses and glancing into the bedroom on the first floor saw Mr Dutcher lying on the bed apparently dead He got his brother and both went into the room and found that his suspicions were correct

Their find was made known to the authorities here and Coroner Sherman was summoned [illegible] came over from [illegible] Wednesday morning and [illegible] He found [illegible] had been seen alive about [illegible] in the morning but was reported to have been very sick That was the last seen of him until his body was found as above described The coroner [illegible] made a careful examination of the body and finding no signs of violence became satisfied that his death was [illegible]

[illegible]

IN MAN'S ATTIRE

A Woman Seeks a Recreant Lover, Then Death by Poison Route

[illegible] a woman who resides [illegible] outskirts of town started in search of her supposed recreant lover and was thwarted in her purpose through the attention she attracted by being garbed in man's attire

When her identity became known she repaired to the solitude of her home where she evidently brooded over her real or fancied troubles until life became unbearable and she attempted to end it all by the poison route But when a woman once gets down in her luck everything seems to go against her and about the time her depressed spirit was ready to take wings and cross the river to that beautiful unknown shore, an unromantic doctor appeared on the scene and with emetics and other arts and devices of his profession brought her back to this life of unrequitted love and disappointments

It is said that this Romeo of her love dreams actually was guilty of deserting his Juliet for a brief time on the evening aforesaid and that she had donned male attire better to trace the steps of her gallant Romeo and his new consort that she might reck a terrible vengence on one or both of them, but fortune favored the fleble on this occasion and while Juliet [illegible] in the throes of [illegible] Romeo basked in the smiles of Elizabeth

KING McKEEHAN

Fashionable Wedding in Second Presbyterian Church, Carlisle

A fashionable wedding was solemnized on Wednesday evening August 30th 1911 at 8 o clock in the Second Presbyterian church when Miss Rose Vanderbilt McKeehan of Carlisle, became the wife of Horace Brown King, Esq of Smethport Pa Several hundred guests were present The church was handsomely decorated for the event in a color scheme of pink and white

The ring ceremony was used by the officiating minister, the Rev Dr George Norcross pastor emeritus of the church assisted by the Rev Edwin H Kellogg the pastor The wedding music was played by Miss Elizabeth Halbert the church organist, who also gave a half hours recital previous to the ceremony playing the following program Bridal Song Jensen, Fanfare, Lemmens, Swedish Wedding March Soderman, Overture to William Tell Rossini, Stephanie Gavotte Czibulka Gavotte Mignon, Thomas

The bride was given away by her father Simon McKeehan She wore a white satin gown with [illegible] veil and carried white roses [illegible] of Pittsburgh [illegible] bridesmaid wore [illegible] marquisette over [illegible] The bridesmaids were Misses [illegible] Peet and Miss Jean Richards of Carlisle and Miss Rose King of Smethport sister of the groom They wore pink frocks [illegible] white [illegible] and carried pink roses

The best man was Hartley I Replogle of Altoona a graduate of the Dickinson School of Law and ushers [illegible]

[illegible]

Mr and Mrs King [illegible] They expect to travel through [illegible] the Southern [illegible] after which [illegible] King will [illegible] in the practice [illegible] in Pennsylvania [illegible]

TRAVIS CHADWICK

The Bride a Former Smethport Young Lady

David H Travis and Miss Mary Chadwick were married at the home of the bride's mother Mrs S C William on Wednesday afternoon at five o clock Aug 30 The ceremony was performed by the Rev I L Rogers pastor of the First M E church and was witnessed by thirty five close friends and relatives The ring service was used Mr and Mrs Travis were attended by Miss Mary Travis of this place and Everell Chadwick of Smethport Pa Miss Helen Chadwick was ringbearer During the wedding ceremony Mrs J W Powell played O Promise Me

Following a four-course wedding dinner Mrs B S Stephens catering Mr and Mrs Travis left on No 48 for a two weeks trip to New York Philadelphia Baltimore and Washington They will be at home after October 1—Canisteo News

The bride, who is a sister of Dr Burg Chadwick, is a former resident of this place and has many friends here who wish the happy couple a long and happy married life

DEATH CLAIMS THREE SMETHPORT CITIZENS

Mrs. Ellwood, E. F. Richmond and James McNulty.

MR. McNULTY WAS 94 YEARS OLD

Mr Richmond and Mr McNulty Died Last Thursday and Mrs Ellwood Passed Away on Sunday—Mr Richmond Was a Lifelong Resident of This Place.

This week we are pained to announce the death of three of Smethport's well known citizens one of whom was the oldest man residing in this borough

James McNulty

James McNulty the oldest male resident of Smethport passed away quietly at the home of his daughter Mrs John N Apple on King street at eleven o clock last Thursday morning August 31 1911 from ills incident to old age he being about 94 years of age

Mr McNulty was born in County Mayo Ireland in 1817 and came to the United States about 77 years ago He first took up his residence in Buffalo N Y afterward living for a time in Canada Wellsville and other places [illegible] 187[illegible] [illegible] He purchased a lot at the corner of Main and Hill streets and built [illegible] a house and shop a part of [illegible] a number of [illegible]

His wife died 15 years ago They were the parents of ten children four of whom survive [illegible] James [illegible]

[illegible]

Edward F Richmond

Edward F Richmond died at his home at the corner of Fulton and [illegible] streets [illegible] morning [illegible] 1911 [illegible] 74 years [illegible] Mr Richmond [illegible] on Monday [illegible]

Mr Richmond was a son of Hon Nelson Richmond and was born [illegible] dren Harry N Richmond of Cripple Creek Colorado and Mrs Charles [illegible] of Brooklyn N Y who with their [illegible] to mourn the loss of a kind indulgent and loving husband and father He is also survived by one sister Mrs Frances [illegible] Sprague of Buffalo

Mr Richmond was a lifelong resident of this place and was a man whose strict honesty and integrity kindheartedness and fair dealing with man made him many firm friends who will deeply regret his sudden demise

The funeral services were held at the family residence at 3 o clock Sunday afternoon Rev W E Van Dyke rector of St Lukes church officiating and his remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery

Mrs Helen Ellwood

Mrs Helen Ellwood died at her home on Bank street at an early hour last Sunday morning The cause of her death was dropsy from which ailment she had been suffering for some time She was aged about 46 years

Mrs Ellwood was born in Canada and after the death of her husband came to this place about nine years ago where she has resided with her two children Frank who is aged 18 years and is employed at the Backus Novelty Co s factory and Miss Effie aged 15 It is said that they have some distant relatives in Canada, but the orphaned children have no relatives in this country and the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community goes out to them in this their hour of deep sorrow

Mrs Ellwood was a kind and loving mother a good neighbor and a woman who was highly respected by all who knew her and her death will be mourned by all

The funeral services were held at her late home on Bank street, Rev W E Van Dyke officiating, and her remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery

FAIR PROGRAM

Following is a Partial Program of the Events that Will Be Pulled Off Here Next Week

Free Attractions Every Day

Chas Mells Troupe direct from Toronto fair Globe Comedy Four to make you laugh as never before The Famous Jewell Bros balloon ascension and leap every day State College Agricultural Exhibit, takes 60 feet frontage, the largest ever sent to a county fair Free concerts under the grandstand Largest Agricultural and Stock exhibits ever held in McKean county The Mule Foot Hog

Tuesday, Sept 12th

Organization Day

Farmers' horse race Motorcycle race The day that the exhibits arrive The big shows unload and the Midway is formed

Wednesday, Sept 13th,

Firemens Day

Ball game 11 00 a m between Norwich the biggest lumbering town in the State of Pennsylvania, and Smethport the county seat

1 30 Firemens program

Hose race Hub and Hub race [illegible] race Prize Drill Firemens parade, not less than 30 in a company

2 30—Horse race

2 17 trot purse $300

Run half mile heats $100

Run, half mile heats, $[illegible]

Thursday, Sept 14th,

Bradford Day

[illegible] Bradford [illegible]

[illegible]

Friday Sept 15th

High School Day

[illegible] Four [illegible] hurdle race running [illegible] Mt Jewett and Port Allegany with [illegible] teams

[illegible]

The Big Midway

[illegible] Ferris Wheel [illegible]

If you have not yet [illegible] for the fall term write to the Lock Haven State Normal School for a catalog There are still a few rooms that can be secured although the coming year promises to be the largest in the history of this school It has an ideal location fine equipment and in some respects the best Training School in the state Its library is also one of the most attractive is carefully catalogued and is made up of a fine collection of books Students are taught how to use the library and when they graduate they are capable of organizing small libraries in the public schools Its labratories are arranged in such a way that each individual student has a table to himself It has organized a working museum which is both attractive and useful The fall term begins September 11th 1t

Millinery for Spring

My Millinery display for Spring is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call on

Mar 23 tf CARRIE CLARK

One of the very best building lots on West Main street will be sold at a very reasonable price. For particulars inquire of or address

H L BACKUS,
Smethport, Pa.

SMETHPORT WINS THREE STRAIGHT GAMES

Two From Norwich and One From Mt. Jewett.

12 INNINGS TO BEAT NORWICH

Second Norwich Game Was Easy and the Mt Jewett Game was a Close Race From Start to Finish—Smethport Has a Good Team of Young Players

Since our last issue the Smethport ball team has won three interesting games of baseball and two of them were unusually interesting to the spectators

The first game was played at Kane field last Thursday afternoon with Norwich and it took twelve innings to decide this game Both teams did some hard hitting and the game was close enough to be exciting from beginning to end Coleman and McGowan for the visitors each had four hits three of which were two baggers and Daniels of the home team had three clean singles Coleman is a clever second baseman who has a future before him and McGowan gives a good deal of promise as a back stop John Cooper, Smethport's catcher, is a [illegible] will make a fast catcher with a little more experience He has a good head is a fast hard worker and uses a splendid whip

The tabulated score of last Thursday's game follows

Norwich	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Winslow cf	5	1	2	2	0	1
Armstrong ss	6	1	2	0	2	1
[illegible]	4	1	4	1	2	0
Bryce 1b	6	1	1	11	0	0
McGowan c	[illegible]	[illegible]	4	1	0	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	1	1	1	1	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	0	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	1	[illegible]	[illegible]
	45	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

* Two out when winning run was scored

Smethport	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Glavin ss	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Cooper W cf	6	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	[illegible]
Harris 1b	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cooper J c	[illegible]	1	1	11	4	[illegible]
McCabe 3b	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Denning P lf	6	0	0	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
Denning F rf	6	1	1	1	1	[illegible]
Daniels 2b	[illegible]	[illegible]	3	4	[illegible]	[illegible]
Denning C p	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	1	3	0
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	36	[illegible]	[illegible]

Norwich 0 0 0 0 0 3 1 3 [illegible]

Smethport 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 [illegible] 1—[illegible]

Earned Runs Norwich 4 Smethport 4

First on balls off Denning 1 off Park [illegible]

Wild Pitches—[illegible]

Two Base Hits Coleman McGowan [illegible] W Cooper

Struck Out—by Denning [illegible]

Double Plays Daniels to Harris F Denning to Daniels

Passed Ball McGowan 1

Hit by Pitcher—McGowan

The Sunday Game

On Sunday these teams met on the Norwich grounds and Smethport won again by a score of 22 to 7 Both teams were somewhat weakened by the absence of some of their men and Norwich seemed to suffer the greatest from these losses

The Mt Jewett Game

On Monday afternoon Smethport took the Mt Jewett team in for its third victory by a score of 6 to 5 and a more exciting game has not been played here this year The contest was close from start to finish, first one and then the other team being ahead Mt Jewett did the usual amount of senseless kicking but this did not affect Umpire Tull's decisions but was more or less annoying to the spectators Following is the tabulated score

Mt Jewett	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Burns 2b	4	0	0	6	3	1
Simpkins ss	4	1	0	1	2	1
Hook c	4	1	2	4	1	0
Crandall 1b	3	1	1	10	0	1
Carlson cf	5	0	1	2	0	1
Hanson 3b	5	0	2	3	3	0
Cleveland rf	3	1	1	0	0	0
Brown, lf	3	0	1	0	0	1
Peterson p	3	1	1	0	3	0
Winters, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
	36	5	9	*26	12	5

* Two out when winning run was scored

Smethport	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Glavin ss	[illegible]	[illegible]	2	0	4	1
Cooper, J, c	5	1	1	4	0	0
Daniels 2b	4	0	0	3	1	0
Harris, 1b	5	3	2	10	1	0
McCabe, 3b	4	0	2	4	3	0
Denning P lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Cooper W, cf	4	0	1	3	0	0
Denning, F, rf	4	0	0	0	0	2
Denning C, p	3	0	1	1	2	0
	35	6	9	27	11	3

Mt Jewett 0 0 0 0 2 1 0 0 2—5

Smethport 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 2—6

Earned Runs—Smethport 2

First on Balls—off Denning, 4, off Peterson 1

Wild Pitches—Denning, 1

Two Base Hits—Glavin Harris, Hook Hanson

Struck out—by Denning, 3, by Peterson 4

Double Plays—Harris to Daniels, Simpkins to Burns to Crandall

Hit by Pitcher—Glavin, Simpkins, Burns

CAMPAIGN EXPENSES

Copy of State Law Relative to Spending of Money for Political Purposes What Is Within Realm of Law

Now that the primary campaign is in progress and there are many candidates in the field it will be interesting to candidates or their friends, to know just what campaign expenses are lawful and what are unlawful, if not a ready [illegible] of the law on the subject of expenses The fourth section of the act of March 5 1906, P. L 75 declares what are lawful campaign expenses and is as follows

No candidate and no treasurer of any political committee shall pay, give or lend or agree to pay, give or lend either directly or indirectly, any [illegible] in [illegible] election [illegible] whatever except for the following purposes

[illegible]

[illegible] voters to and from the polls

[illegible]

[illegible] conditions expressed [illegible] such elector shall [illegible] withhold his vote or use his influence at a nominating election or delegate election or cast give substitute another cast or give his vote or use his influence at a nominating convention for or against the nomination of any particular candidate or nomination so as to procure such person to be voted for at any election to take place the person so hiring procuring, influencing abetting endeavoring or offering either directly or indirectly through others, their aiders or abettors to procure the person to be voted for by such electors shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding three hundred dollars and be imprisoned for a period not exceeding three months

A district judge of this state held that the giving away of cigars if admittedly done by a candidate for the purpose of getting those to whom they were given to vote for him, was a violation of the election laws

Another district judge of this state held that pre-election pledges by candidates are forbidden by the law.

LEGION OF HONOR.

The Order That Was Founded by the Great Napoleon.

THRIVED DESPITE RIDICULE.

The Despotic Corsican Proved by the Inauguration of the Decoration That He Was a Keen Student of French Human Nature.

France owes the Legion of Honor to Napoleon. All orders of chivalry had been abolished by the revolution and had left a gap which it was not easy to fill. "They are mere geegaws," said Monge, the chemist, who had taught the revolutionists how to make gunpowder out of plaster of paris. "Geegaws, if you will," the first consul answered, "but people like them. Let us approach the question frankly. All men are enamored of decorations, the French more than any. They positively hunger for them, and they have always done so."

This was at Malmaison in 1802. In May the conseil d'etat was invited to consider the project of the institution of the Legion of Honor. It was ridiculed by many, notably by Moreau, who as victor of Hohenlinden was bitterly jealous of the victor of Marengo. At a dinner party he sent for his cook and said to him in the presence of his guests: "Michel, I am pleased with your dinner. You have indeed distinguished yourself. I will award you a saucepan of honor." Mme. de Stael was also satirical upon the subject. "Ah, one of the decorated?" she used to ask each guest who was shown into her salon.

But Napoleon had gauged human nature correctly. His Legion of Honor did meet a felt want, and it was definitely inaugurated on July 14, 1804. Among the eminent men of science and men of letters on whom it was then bestowed were included Laplace, the mathematician; Lalande, the astronomer; Cuvier, the naturalist, and Legouve, the poet. The most notable name omitted was that of Bernardin de St. Pierre, just then in disgrace for championing Mme. de Stael, whom Napoleon had banished, but he got the decoration later on the entreaty of Queen Hortense.

After Napoleon's downfall the question of suppressing the Legion of Honor arose. Chateaubriand, whom Napoleon had not decorated, strongly urged its abolition. So did Pozzo di Borgo. Marshals Victor, Marmont and Macdonald opposed. After debate it was decided to recognize and retain the order, not on any high moral or patriotic grounds, but because Louis XVIII. could not afford to make himself more unpopular than he was already by stripping people of their decorations. Chateaubriand and Lamartine consented to accept the red ribbon, but it was also conferred upon a great number of worthless personages and so brought into contempt.

There have been many Legion of Honor scandals since these days, but one of them surpasses all the others in magnitude. This is, of course, the Wilson scandal, the history of which, though intricate, is worth recalling.

The trouble may be said to have begun on the day on which Mlle. Alice Grevy fell in love with an opera singer who need not be mentioned here. He wanted to marry her, and she wanted to marry him, and the papers were beginning to couple the two names in a manner most embarrassing to the president of the republic. The president, however, sent the opera singer about his business and found his daughter another husband, not a very good husband, but the best husband he could procure on the spur of the moment. His choice fell upon M. Daniel Wilson, who had long been one of M. Grevy's political supporters and was a financier of some mark.

No sooner was M. Wilson established at the Elysee than he proceeded to enrich himself by various means. Among other things he founded a paper called Le Moniteur de l'Exposition Universelle, which really covered a traffic in decorations. The whole story came out in a state trial toward the end of 1887. It was proved that Wilson had made a regular practice of selling the Legion of Honor, or, rather, of inviting people who wanted it to bribe him to use his influence to obtain it for them. His overtures were presented through his jackals, Generals d'Andlau and Cafferel and Mmes. Limousin and Ratazzi, and the whole party had to stand in the dock together.

Wilson was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, a fine of 3,000 francs and five years' deprivation of civil rights. He appealed, and the court of cassation annulled the judgment. The accused, said the judges, was obviously guilty of everything that he was charged with, but as his offenses were not anticipated by any punitive law he could not be punished. So he retired to the country and tried to live down his bad name. As he ultimately got himself elected conseiller general one must suppose that he succeeded in this object.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Wanted to Unload.

Employer—I hope you save something out of your salary, James! Office Boy—Yes, sir; most all of it, sir. Employer (eagerly)—Do you want to buy an automobile cheap?—Puck.

Leisure is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never.—Franklin.

THE KING CAN DO NO WRONG.

Neither Can He Ever Die, According to British Law.

It is a curious point of British law that the king never dies, or, to put it in another way, it would be useless for any barrister to argue that the ruler's predecessors have really died, since the utmost the law will admit is that there may be a "demise of the crown," meaning, of course, simply that there has been a transfer of the royal authority from one person to another.

It is a maxim that "the king can do no wrong," and under the law he would not be held personally responsible for any crime or "tort" that he chose to commit at any time. At any rate, we are assured by high constitutional authorities that the law should actually and literally be so construed and that the statutes hold that any injury his majesty might inflict upon a subject must be ascribed to the king's advisers. One thing seems to be certain, and that is that his majesty can under no circumstances whatsoever be arrested. Nor, moreover, could his goods be distrained or taken in execution should he fail to meet his liabilities.

A quaint feature of British law is that in theory the king is present at the law court at every sitting, though he might in point of fact actually be on the continent or elsewhere. It follows, therefore, that it is impossible to nonsuit him as plaintiff should he not put in an appearance when his case is called, since the law specifically states that the king is there. In a similar sense the king is always constructively present in parliament, though he be in fact thousands of miles from his shores.

His majesty is under the law the nominal guardian of all infants, idiots and lunatics, and to him is granted the sole right to print the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer and all acts of parliament in the United Kingdom. It has been stated, furthermore, that should he so desire the king could forbid the printing of any or all of them anywhere within his dominions.—Harper's.

MINED THE ROAD.

The Volunteers Wiped Out the Foe, but It Was a Sad Story.

"I can tell you the saddest thing that happened during the whole war," said an old negro to a group of listeners. "The story was this: One night it was reported that the town was in peril of attack from the enemy, and the fighting forces were quickly mustered. One of the volunteers conceived the idea of mining the road and touching the fuse in time to annihilate the foe. There was plenty of powder, and the scheme was adopted. The rest of the defenders stood some on one side of the road, some on the other, ready to discharge their rifles into what might be left of the assailants.

"The day passed without incident, but as the night wore on the strain of the situation began to tell on the nerves of the defenders. Presently, however, there was the sound of hoofs on the highway, approaching rapidly. Such was the state of mind of the defenders that the sounds appeared to indicate the coming of a mighty cavalry force. It was a terrifying moment. A vivid flash lighting up the scene as the first horseman reached the spot told that the mine had been exploded and it had done its work. There was not a vestige of an army to be seen when the smoke cleared away excepting the scattered fragments of a big black mule."

The party laughed as the old man concluded his tale. "That's a good enough story," said one of them; "but what was there so sad about it?"

"It was my mule, sah!" was the old negro's pathetic reply.

A Battle of Languages.

Three or four languages strove for mastery in ancient Gaul, which is now France. German was spoken by the 12,000 Frank invaders. Popular Latin was spoken by 6,000,000 Gallo-Romans. Literary Latin was the language of the church and of literature. Low Latin was afterward the language of the administration. German was the first to succumb. In four centuries it ceased to be understood by the soldiers, and in seventy years more it had become an object of ridicule. But it survives in more than 900 words, expressing the things of government, law and war, and thus forms no insignificant part of the French language.

Corpse Rings.

The sailor of the old fashioned, shellback class always wears a corpse ring. This is a plain band of silver or gold inscribed within with the sailor's name and port. Corpse rings are worn for the purpose of identification in case of death by drowning through shipwreck etc. The shellback sailor can never swim, and he looks forward calmly to dying suddenly beneath the sea. Indeed, he usually prefers such a death to a lingering one in hospital.—Buffalo Express.

How He Got Out.

"No," said Woodby. "I don't see Wiseman at all any more. He has dropped out of our social set."

"He tells a different story," remarked Sinnickson.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he claims he has climbed out."—Catholic Standard.

The Optimist.

"You're looking blue, doc. What's the matter?"

"Well, I'll tell you. A patient I began to treat died this morning."

"Ah, cheer up. He might have died even if you hadn't been called."—Toledo Blade.

YIELDED TO EDMUNDS.

Cleveland's Political Foe Won After His Friends Had Failed.

Soon after Mr. Cleveland entered the White House in 1885 Vice President Hendricks died at his home in Indianapolis, and the president made arrangements to attend the funeral. Many of his social intimates and all his official advisers united in an effort to dissuade him from making this twenty hour journey, enlarging on the manifold risks of rail travel at all times and the special opportunity this would offer some fanatic to assassinate him. But he remained immovable until within a few hours of the time set for closing up his business he received an unexpected call from Senator Edmunds of Vermont.

Mr. Edmunds was the leader of the Republican side of the senate and was understood to have in preparation several measures of opposition to the announced policies of the new administration. But he was also and above all else an American citizen and a patriot, and his visit to his political foe was made in that character. In a conversation of less than half an hour, in which he drew the curtain over all differences and disregarded all empty formalities of intercourse, he laid before the president in the clear terms and logical order in which he knew so well how to express himself the larger aspects of the situation.

As the presidential succession law then stood the speaker of the house of representatives stood next in line to the vice president, and next to him came the president pro tempore of the senate. The house not having organized since the inauguration, no speaker had been elected, and, the senate having failed at its special session to choose a president pro tempore to serve during the recess, only one life—that of the president himself—stood between the nation and administrative anarchy; hence, argued Mr. Edmunds, it was Mr. Cleveland's duty to forego every other consideration and invite no chances of throwing upon the country they both loved a strain such as it had never been subjected to before.

The writer of these lines was seated in the next room while this visit was in progress, and he will never forget the president's expression of satisfaction on coming out of his office after the senator had gone. He gave orders at once that all preparations for his journey should be suspended and declared that nothing that had occurred since he entered the White House had so touched him as the kind solicitude shown by Mr. Edmunds about his exposing himself to any peril now. The others who had reasoned with him on the subject were men who were presumptively friendly and whose chief anxiety seemed to be lest he should suffer some injury to his individual person or fortunes. But here was a man who, as far as politics was concerned, was a hostile of hostiles, yet who appealed to him in behalf of the American people and their government.

"That settled it," Mr. Cleveland concluded as he turned to go back to his office. "After what Edmunds said there can be no further question of where my highest obligation lies."—P. E. L. in New York Post.

Soft Toned Bells of China.

The natives of China use large bells of their own make in many of their temples and monasteries. I have noticed all through Japan and China that the tone of the monastery and temple bells is very soft and smooth, due to the superior quality of the material used in their manufacture and to the absence of iron clappers, the result being a marvelous softness and mellowness of tone. The bells are never swung, being always suspended in a fixed frame, and the sound is produced by striking them on the outer edge with a wooden mallet. This makes the soft tones, which are so delightfully melodious.—Consular Reports.

Dr. Holmes' Wit.

One of the best repartees ever credited to a habitual maker of happy phrases was that made by the beloved "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" on a certain social occasion.

Going to dine with a Boston neighbor, Dr. Holmes was met by her with an apology:

"I could not get another man. We are four women, and you will have to take us all in."

"Forewarned is fourarmed," he said with a bow.

Flies and Filth.

The fly is born in, lives and thrives upon filth. If no filth is allowed to accumulate in a house or its neighborhood it will not be troubled by flies, for they do not ordinarily stray far from their breeding places and their sources of food. In a thoroughly clean neighborhood they cannot live in the face of screens preventing their access to food and to the absence of manure heaps and other receptacles for filth in which to deposit their eggs.—Survey.

Helping Things Along.

"The family in the next flat has three phonographs and four boys with toy express wagons," said Mr. Growcher's wife. "What on earth shall we do?"

"Send for the piano tuner and ask him how much he'll take to work by the day."—Washington Star.

Good News.

"My dear, our landlord says he's going to raise our rent."

"Glad to hear he can do it; I can't."—Baltimore American.

Though some of us are poor, let us all be genteel.—Stevenson.

A FEAST IN SAMOA

Develops Into a Conglomerated Scramble For Food.

A SCENE OF WILD DISORDER.

The Native Guests Steal All the Eatables Within Reach, Which They Pass Over to Crowds of Waiting Relatives Gathered on the Outside.

The principal native foods of Samoa are bananas, breadfruit, taro, fish and pork. Bananas prepared "Fa Samoa" would not appeal very strongly to an epicurean taste, for they are gathered unripe and baked under heated stones, as all Samoan cooking is accomplished. A baked green banana favors somewhat a roasted chestnut, but not enough to cause any mistake between the two.

The breadfruit, in my estimation, appeals more strongly to a white man's taste than any other Samoan food. The large, mealy balls are baked, broken open and eaten, usually with one or other of the two Samoan sauces palusami and taleti. Palusami is made from the young shoots of the taro plant, coconut milk and sea water. Taleti is evaporated coconut milk. The milk is poured into a leaf, the ends and sides tied at the top, and it is then baked until the water evaporates, leaving a thick cream, which is very rich and quite palatable. Taro is the root or bulb of a plant which is an exact counterpart of what we call "elephant ear" in the United States and is somewhat like a yam, but inclined to be stringy or shreddy. The inside of a baked taro bulb is very solid and of a bluish tint.

The fish needs no explanation.

Pork is the supreme delicacy, according to the Samoan idea, and it is always eaten in a half cooked state. Since a Samoan will sell his birthright for a piece of pig (one-half grown is worth $20 or $30 and will always find a market), therefore it is easily seen that pork can be afforded only on holiday occasions. The Samoan method of killing a pig is unique. The animal's feet are tied together, and it is laid upon its back. Then two large heavy natives place a 2 by 4 scantling across its neck, after which they seat themselves one on each end of the scantling.

As the unfortunate pig is slowly strangled to death his heartless executioners calmly talk politics. The reason for strangulation in putting a hog to death is simply this: A pig is held in such high esteem that it breaks the Samoan heart to see even the blood of being wasted. The blood is used in conjunction with the fatty parts of the entrails and when baked seems some kind of pudding. I have never tasted this kind of pudding myself, but a Samoan will tell you that it is simply delicious, and I'll take the Samoan's word for it. [illegible] entrails are [illegible] we can [illegible] Chicago stockyard [illegible] that only the squeal is lost."

I well remember the first and only Samoan feast I ever had the pleasure of attending. I received an invitation one day from a Samoan whose friendship I had formed to attend a feast the following night which he was giving to dedicate his new home. There were several white men present and about fifty natives. We were arranged in two rows facing each other, sitting cross legged, and in front of each was a small mat on which was a profusion of food, including a lupe (or pigeon), a piece of pork (palusami), taro (breadfruit)—in fact, everything which goes to make a Samoan feast—all to be washed down with coconut milk. I had taken two or three mouthfuls of the pigeon when I noticed that there was a ring of natives each with a basket waiting impatiently just outside the house. As I turned to the man on my right for the purpose of asking why these people were assembled outside I sensed a movement in close proximity on my left. Turning quickly around, I was just in time to catch a farewell glimpse of my fine supper being dumped bodily into one of those waiting baskets. I saw at once the reason for that overflow meeting outside. The woman who sat next to me had taken a favorable opportunity when my back was turned to pick up my mat and dispose of my meal to her waiting relative, who had attended the overflow meeting with a basket.

Then ensued a conglomerated scramble, and the feast was turned into a scene of wild disorder as each native strove to outdo his neighbor in securing the most food to send home. The strategy, flank movements and tact that they exhibited under the inspiring grab game so far provoked my comedy bump that I was more than repaid for the loss of my supper in watching their energetic struggles to obtain food gratis.

I was afterward informed that the spectacle I had witnessed was simply the natural course of a Samoan feast, that they always ended the same way and, I was indeed fortunate to have secured a taste or so of my pigeon.—Los Angeles Times.

The Indispensable Boy.

Caller—How is your new office boy getting along these days? Lawyer—Oh, finely. He's got things so mixed up now that I couldn't get along without him.—Puck.

Think all you speak, but by no means speak all you think.

FOND OF ELECTIONS.

In Switzerland They Select Even Gravediggers by Ballot.

According to Professor F. F. Roget of Geneva, the Swiss have the greatest political intelligence in the world today.

"Every citizen of a canton is a Swiss citizen," says Professor Roget. "One must become a member of some local commune to become naturalized and in order to do so must be accepted by the local communal council.

"Every male Swiss citizen is an elector from the age of twenty, there being no property qualification. Every Swiss is a soldier and every soldier an elector. The federal elector may vote wherever he may happen to be, guarantees being taken that he votes only once.

"The cantons are the political units, and no elector may exercise political rights in more than one canton. On moving from one locality to another the Swiss must wait three months before he may exercise the franchise in his new neighborhood."

Professor Roget declares that "every collective authority in Switzerland is elected.

"The foreigner," he states, "is often surprised to see in a Swiss newspaper on a Monday the results of all kinds of elections on the Sunday. If he had gone into a polling booth on the Sunday he would have found in this corner a clerk at a desk, at which the elector would vote for the local schoolmaster.

"In another corner would be a desk at which he would vote for the local judge. In another part of the same room he would vote for the local grave digger, and so on, through a whole series of officials, all of whom are popularly elected.

"The result of this training is that the political intelligence of the Swiss is extremely developed, and that he thoroughly understands what he is voting about at home in his native country, and that when he goes abroad he finds it very easy to understand and to take part in any political movements among which he may find himself."—Exchange.

A Sinecure.

General Horatio C. King, on one occasion narrating some war memories, said:

"We suffered many hardships on both sides, but the poor, brave Confederates [illegible] a grizzled old colored man who, at the outbreak of the Spanish war, applied for a place as an army cook.

"'What experience have you had?' the old fellow was asked.

"'I was cook, sah, in a Confederate regiment in sixty-fo',' he answered. 'That is, sah, I had the position of cook, but, to tell the truth, I didn't work at it.'

"'Why not?'

"'There wasn't nothin' to cook, sah.'"

Doctors In Russia.

Dr. R[illegible] Thompson, a Medical [illegible], says that [illegible] to say within the limits of his income and his sense of generosity. The Russian [illegible] saving life and alleviating suffering can put a price on his services." After this it is not surprising to learn from the same authority that Russia is the only European country of importance where the medical profession is not overcrowded.

The City of the Dove.

When mighty Amru went to conquer Egypt he camped on the east bank of the Nile opposite Memphis, that great twenty miles long capital of mud bricks, whose western verge was the pyramids and whose mud brick houses have all vanished. Amru crushed the Egyptians and came back to get his camp to move over and occupy Memphis. A dove had built in the folds near the top of his tent. Blood bathed Amru, the ruthless, would not let her be disturbed. A new city started about his tents. It grew northward along the Nile. It is today Cairo. Memphis is only a name.

His Flag Was Up.

When the crowd assembled for their game of ball Johnnie, the pitcher, was missing. Jimmie was sent to investigate.

"Is Johnnie at home?" asked Jimmie of the sister who answered his knock.

"Course," answered the sister. "Don't you see his shirt on the line?"—Success Magazine.

Getting Back.

"Gee, no!" exclaimed the pretty cash girl. "I don't want nothin' to do with you. I wouldn't marry you if you was the last man on earth. Is that plain enough English for *you*?"

"It is certainly plain enough," said the mortified bookkeeper, "but it isn't English."—Chicago Tribune.

The Dear Girls.

Milly—You know, dear, we've been engaged for two years, and I think it's time we were getting married. Tilley—Oh, I don't know, dear. If you really love him you'll let him be happy for a little longer yet.

Pandemonium.

"Nature knew what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice."

"How do you make that out?"

"What if a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"—Exchange.

Fame can never make us lie down contentedly on a deathbed.—Pope.

THE SPIRAL NEBULAE.

One of the Terrifying and Mysterious Forces of Space.

The most stupendous manifestations of force of which we have any knowledge are presented by the spiral nebulae, whose mysterious and terrifying forms were first clearly revealed by the Lick observatory photographs made in 1898-1900 by the late Professor James E. Keeler. The heavens are full of them—they exist by thousands—and as astronomical photography is brought to greater perfection their amazing shapes tend more and more to upset all former ideas concerning the processes of creation and destruction going on in the interstellar spaces. They affect in an equal degree all theories about the origin and ultimate fate of our own solar system.

Who would imagine on looking up at the starry heavens some quiet night that the earth is like a person lost in the midst of the whirring wheels and spinning shafts of some enormous mill or machine room, where runners, belts, whirling spindles, champing pistons, grinding cogs, gyrating governors, dizzying flywheels and leaping rods confuse the eye and the mind and paralyze the limbs with the terror of impending annihilation? We are not aware of this startling situation because, while we see the stars, we do not see what is among the stars. The spinning machinery of the universe is revealed only in photographs, and as far as our senses are concerned it performs its functions with a silence which to the imagination deepens a part of the horror of space.

These celestial wheels spin with incalculable velocity, but the span of human life is but a second of time in comparison with their periods. If we could magnify time so that a second would become as a century, then an hour would be equivalent to 360,000 years, and the true aspect of the spiral nebulae would burst upon our astonished senses.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

THE BLANKET FISH.

This Dreaded Sea Monster Wraps Its Body Around Its Prey.

The manta, or blanket fish, is common in the warm parts of the Pacific. Around the Mexican penal colony on Tres Marias islands, not very far from Manzanillo, it is one of the most efficient guards for the prisoners incarcerated there. Not a man has ever been known to escape from this dreaded prison by swimming. No sooner does a human body strike the water than a school of these monsters appear, flying like great birds through the sea. They throw themselves on the hapless swimmer, [illegible] the sea, and there suck the flesh from his bones with their powerful mouths.

The manta grows to mammoth dimensions, though the one which I saw, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, was comparatively small, yet was [illegible] two or three tons and [illegible] more than fifteen feet [illegible]. The fish is nearly square, [illegible] wings forming great [illegible] which stretch out from the [illegible] giving it a rectangular appearance. [illegible] swim by flapping these wings, [illegible] are sometimes called "sea [illegible]" on this account.

Mantas swim with incredible rapidity, [illegible] is not really so unusually a fish, and once they sight anything in the water, unless it be the speediest fish or shark, they overhaul it and simply close it, wrapping the entire blanket-like body around the unfortunate victim. Even with a sharp knife it is almost impossible to reach a vital point in the manta's body. For this reason they are the most dreaded by divers of all the dwellers in the sea, and the diver's life is not without its perils, take my word for that.

The Young Idea.

In a certain school a schoolboy of tender years is said to have produced the following essay on the camel: "The cannimal is a sheep of the desert. It is called a backteria because it has a hump on its back. The cannimal is very patient and will lie down and die without a groan, but when it is angry it gets its back up, which is called the hump. The shepherds of cannimals is called Arabs. When they live in towns they are called street Arabs. When the cannimal goes on a journey it drinks as much as it can to last for many days. Such animals are called acquiducks. Those that cannot carry enough are called inebriates."

Beer Slang In Germany.

Even the serious Germans, it appears, have a rich and racy slang. Here are some examples that a writer for the Baltimore Sun lately clawed out of a German dictionary: Biertisch (beer fish), the little bits of cork that sometimes float in beer; bierrede (beer harangue), a speech made at a banquet; bierbass (beer bass), a heavy, unmelodious masculine voice; bierbruder (beer brother), a barroom acquaintance; biereifer (beer zeal), extraordinary and absurd enthusiasm.

Old Salts.

Another couple was about to be launched on the sea of matrimony.

"They don't seem a bit afraid," some one back in the crowd observed.

"And why should they?" asked the gentleman next. "They've both been across several times."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No Swearing.

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] swear off?"

"No; he really quit this time."—Toledo Blade.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

Solicits your checking account or your deposits on interest.

¶ Our form of Deposit is very favorable.

NO ACCOUNT TOO SMALL

to receive our careful attention.

¶ We offr all inducements practical with conservative banking.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

Cut Flowers and Potted Plants At Brasted's

We also have a nice line of Groceries.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 7, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—September [illegible]

—See what [illegible] & Garlick have to offer in their advertisement in this issue.

—Read the advertisement of The [illegible] in this issue. Some excellent bargains are offered.

—The last day for making entries for the McKean County fair is next Saturday, September 9th, after which date no entries will be received.

—Charles W. De Harte, a former Bradford [illegible], died in the hospital at that place last Thursday evening. He was aged [illegible] years and is survived by a wife and three children.

—Mrs. Mary [illegible] Lonsdale, a highly respected woman of Bradford, aged 68 years, was stricken with apoplexy while walking along the streets of that city last Friday evening and died at the hospital that night.

—The Galeton baseball team wants to play Port Allegany for a bet of five hundred dollars, the game to be played outside of Potter and McKean counties. Each team has a game to its credit and the deciding contest would be a hot one.

—The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church will hold a [illegible] sale at [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

—St. Margaret's Guild of St. Luke's parish will hold a supper at the parish house Saturday afternoon, Sept. [illegible]. The guild is composed of the [illegible] ladies of the parish and everybody is cordially invited to attend and enjoy a good meal. Tickets [illegible] cents.

—There lives near [illegible] a former [illegible] who clears $[illegible] a year from [illegible] acres, considerably [illegible] in the [illegible] which he devoted to agriculture. He [illegible] track and small fruits and every square foot of his land [illegible] all the time in the growing season. He has his own irrigation plant and has reduced intensive farming to an exact science, as his balance sheet testifies.—Columbus Journal.

—While playing a game of baseball at Norwich last Sunday, Cooney, the clever little pitcher for that team met with a painful accident. He was at bat when a foul tip from his own bat struck him on the cheek bone under the right eye with terrific force. Catcher Cooper caught him in his arms as he fell to the ground in a semi-conscious condition. He quickly revived, but in the meantime his eye had swollen shut. He was taken to Smethport where Dr. Chadwick examined his injury and found that no bones were broken. Aside from a badly blackened eye he sustained no injuries.

—In the eastern part of the state the abandoned farms are being bought up by experienced fruit growers who have awakened to the possibilities that there are in the cultivation of apples and other fruits in this state. A ride through the farming districts of this section reveals the fact that wherever the orchards are properly cared for the yield this year is enormous. Just as much profit can be realized from a well conducted fruit farm on the Big Level as can be in the celebrated Hood River district in Oregon.—Kane Republican.

—An [illegible] letter which [illegible] in the [illegible] murder case at Warren. Mrs. S. E. Walker, wife of the publisher of the Times, received the following the other day in an envelope postmarked Pittsburg: "Look over the Times of a few months ago. Read the article sent in [illegible] God is just. [illegible] dream is repeated three times [illegible] your [illegible] [illegible] keep away from the water."

—It is seldom that you see a town the size of Smethport that has more good sidewalks and better kept lawns and streets than are to be found right here. In the past four years there has been [illegible] of stone and cement walks laid in this town until now a poor sidewalk on an [illegible] street is almost unknown, and a great deal of this is due to the paving. Before [illegible] was paved a [illegible] people seemed to lack all [illegible] their [illegible] places [illegible] homes [illegible] now everybody seems [illegible] with his neighbor in keeping his surroundings up to the highest standard of beauty whether his property abutts the pavement or not.

—"If your honor pleases, I would like an order to change my name for business reasons," said an applicant in the New York court on Tuesday. "What name?" inquired Judge Grant. "Oh, Hell," said the man. "What's that?" asked the court. "Otto Hell—H-E-L-L," came the qualifying answer. "I am about to open a confectionery business," the man continued, "and I want my name in big electric lights over the door. It would never do to tell people to go to Hell for their candy, so I think Hill would do better. I'd like to make it Otto Hill." "Bring in the papers October 9 and I'll approve them; the court agrees with you, Mr. Hell," said Judge Grant.

—The best way to build up a city is for each and every man in it not to strive to rend and tear down. When ever a man is doing well do not try to tear him down. All the residents of a town are partners, not opponents. In all likelihood the more business done by your rival the more you will do. Every gentleman who treats his customer honestly, courteously and fairly will get his share and the more business that can be secured by united efforts, the better it will be for all. When a town ceases to grow it commences to die, and the more the people try to kill off each other in their business and good name, the more rapidly will utter ruin come to all. Stand together for the advancement of every citizen. If a man shows ability to prosper do not pull him back with jealousy or weigh him down with cold indifference.—Ex.

SUBMARINE SHIPS

Life Aboard These War Craft Is a Sequence of Discomforts.

TORTURE FOR THE NOVICE.

Between Choking For Air and Suffocating From the Fumes of Gasoline the Agony Is Excruciating—Added Terrors When Caught In a Storm.

Submarine boats have been developed to the point where they can cover on their own power a radius of 800 miles in effective fighting trim. In storm and calm the submarines are capable of navigating the seas with credit to their inventors and constructors. With a fleet of these vessels stationed in the vicinity of any of our large coast cities it would be difficult for battleships to get within effective striking distance.

The first impressions received on descending into the hold of a submarine are those of discomfort and suffocation. The accommodations for a crew of thirteen seem about right for half a dozen. One is in too close proximity to whirring machinery, too, to enjoy the sensation.

On all sides are arranged electrical devices and machinery to operate the craft and the torpedoes. A thin shell of steel separates the visitor from the torpedoes, and the outside water is so close that one can almost feel its moisture.

When under way on the surface the submarine hums and trembles. The fumes of gasoline are almost suffocating. There is no escaping from them. Some of the men contract what is called "gasoline heart." If under water too long the fumes make one sick and dizzy.

A novice cannot remain in a submarine under water for any great length of time without suffering excruciating torture. In time, however, one gets used to it, and a trip may be one of enjoyment.

But it is when the submarine dives that the most unpleasant symptoms come. There are ten compressed air tanks supplied, and these furnish sufficient air to keep the crew alive a good many hours.

But did you ever live on compressed air? If not it will be a new sensation, especially if you are fifty feet below the surface of the water. There is a tingling sensation all over the body, a pounding of the eardrums and possibly a sense of nausea.

As the air is automatically regulated from the compressed air tanks one gets his share of the oxygen, but sometimes the supply may vary. It certainly does in different parts of the ship. One may be choking for lack of good air in one part and be exhilarated by a too abundant supply in another.

Sometimes when the engines are running to charge the batteries the fumes of the gasoline become so strong that men are rendered unconscious. They must be taken up on deck then to get a whiff of fresh air.

For this reason the batteries are only charged when above the water. But in time of war it might be necessary to charge them while running below. Then, indeed, the man aboard the submarine might envy the aerial navigator flying above the sea with his abundance of fresh air to breathe.

Cooking under water is a pretty uncertain and disagreeable work. The only appliance for this purpose is a small electric heater. This is just about big enough to heat water to make a cup of coffee and nothing else. The crew have their food cooked aboard the tender.

The submarine is built on the principle of economizing space in everything. There is no room for anything except the actual necessities. Every inch of space is given over to machinery. This is everywhere compact and efficient and multiplied so often that one wonders what it is all for.

There is machinery for running the boat, for guiding it under water, for controlling it when it dives, for compressing the air tanks, for operating the torpedoes and even for regulating the power of vision above and below water.

When caught in a storm in a submarine life is really not worth living. It consists of a series of intense struggles to prevent death by being battered against steel walls or to keep from becoming involved in whirring wheels and dynamos. If you survive the ordeal you conclude that it is not necessary to wait for war to find hades. It is with you all the time.—Harper's Weekly.

Quicker.

"How are you makin' out?" asked one Pullman porter.

"Well, I used to think I was doin' pretty good," replied the other; "but after seein' a train held up by a road agent the other day I feel a good deal like throwin' this old whiskbroom away and gettin' a revolver."—Washington Star.

Her Strong Chin.

Dawson—The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife were you governed by her chin? Spenlow—No, but I have been ever since we were married.

A Case of Necessity.

"Why are you breaking up housekeeping?"

"My wife's florist says she'll have to take the rubber plant to a different climate."—Washington Herald.

Nature knows no pause in progress and development and attaches her curse on all inaction.—Goethe.

FLOOR PRIVILEGE

Congress Guards It Jealously In Both Houses.

RARELY USED IN THE SENATE

Former Members of That Body, While Free to Attend Its Sessions, Prefer to Shun the Scene of Their Solonic Efforts—A Story of Evarts.

What is known as "the privilege of the floor" in congress is the right to go upon the floor of the senate or house when either body is in session.

Although the right to go upon the floor of a legislative body is not so exclusive a privilege in some of the state legislatures, it is a great privilege and an exclusive one in congress. The doors are carefully guarded while congress is in session, and it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to have access to senators or representatives when public business is being done.

Senators and representatives have no regular or rigid rule on the subject, but it is known in Washington that the statesmen feel that their constituents or others who desire to see them privately should endeavor to do so in their offices, their committee rooms or at their residences.

To former members of the senate and house "the privilege of the floor" is given, but they do not often avail themselves of that right. This, however, is in strong contrast to the customs of twenty years ago and longer, when it was not uncommon to see former members moving about on the floor of the house when it was notoriously known that they were lobbying for some private claim or public graft.

Speaker Reed found this condition so obnoxious that he issued orders that no ex-members should be permitted to pass the doorkeepers without written authority from the speaker. Subsequent speakers have not found it necessary to draw the lines so rigidly, because the abuse has almost entirely ceased.

There is an unwritten law, however, governing the privilege of the floor of the senate, and it is the unwritten law of good breeding, good manners and common sense. Every ex-senator has the privilege of the floor, but it is so seldom exercised that its abuse has never occurred, nor is it ever likely to occur.

Former members of the senate are never seen there unless it is well known that they have proper business calling them to Washington, such as appearing before the supreme court as attorneys for clients in great cases, and even then it seldom happens that an ex-senator thus engaged ever enters upon the senate floor, although in going to and from the room of the supreme court they are obliged to pass by its doors.

After James G. Blaine ceased to be a senator he avoided the senate chamber forever. After resigning from that body Senator Roscoe Conkling of New York never entered the senate chamber, although he was often in the capitol on business before the supreme court. There was an exception, however, in one instance. By invitation he was one of the pallbearers of Senator Logan of Illinois, who was buried with obsequies from the senate chamber, and on that occasion Senator Conkling was present. Senator Benjamin Harrison upon leaving the senate never crossed its threshold until he went there to be inaugurated as president. Senator Dawes of Massachusetts, Senator Blair of New Hampshire, Senator Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, Senator Thurman of Ohio and Senator McDonald of Indiana are examples of distinguished senators who remained away from the senate after their terms expired. During the period of four years when he was in retirement Senator Gorman of Maryland never availed himself of the privilege of the floor, and during the two years he was without election Senator Quay of Pennsylvania absented himself from the senate chamber.

From a veteran employee of the senate there is gleaned an unusually interesting story concerning the late Senator Evarts of New York. This senator was one of the greatest intellects in public life for many years, but he was absentminded in small things. On one occasion he overlooked the rule about the privilege of the floor. He was entertaining Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at his Washington home and invited his guest to accompany him to the capitol. Together they walked along the capitol corridor, and when they came to the door of the senate they entered together.

There was a copy of the senate rules on each side of the doors, but Senator Evarts did not look at them, nor, of course, did his guest. The doorkeepers did not interfere or ask any questions.

Well, Senator Evarts gave Dr. Holmes a seat in the rear of the desks of the members and proceeded to bring Senators Hoar, Quay, Hawley and others to introduce to him. Quite a levee was held there, and Dr. Holmes was gratified with his reception.

After awhile Senator Hoar went to Senator Evarts and, calling his attention to the rule concerning the privilege of the floor, asked, "How did you get him in?"

"He is my private secretary," said Senator Evarts quickly, with a boyish twinkle in his serious eyes. At that time private secretaries of members were allowed the floor privilege.—Smith D. Fry in Washington Star.

HOTEL BEDS ABROAD.

To Get Into Some of Them One Has to Use a Stepladder.

The European bed always strikes the uninitiated American traveler as a huge joke. In France they commence to impress him with their height and narrowness, and he looks dubiously at the enormous Turkey red cotton "couvre pied" of eiderdown, which seems something like a mountain, and he wonders how he is ever going to bear all that extra weight on his person. But when he has slipped between the sheets and the grateful warmth communicates itself to his cold bones—if it is winter they are sure to be like icicles—he discovers that it is deceptively light and deliciously comfortable.

In Switzerland the beds attain a little more height, but it is in Germany that they become of such an altitude as to necessitate a pair of steps to mount them. One tourist, finding that one leg of the stepladder was broken, solved his difficulty by going to the extreme end of the room, taking a running start and landing with a flying leap in the midst of the Turkey red eiderdown. He crawled in under the crocheted counterpane and was soon fast asleep. Some time in the night he became sleepily aware of a consuming thirst and started to get out of bed for a drink. A startled shriek, followed by some swear words that even the thick headed German watchman understood, penetrated to the remotest chamber in the inn.

"I was half awake," he explained afterward, "and had been dreaming of standing on Table rock, in the Yosemite. I started to get out of bed—and began to fall. Naturally I supposed I was plunging to the bottom of that precipice, and I'll leave it to you if any one wouldn't have let out a yell when he thought he was going to be dashed to death."

Sometimes in European hotels the tourist is taken solemnly to one side and told that by paying a few francs or lire more he can have the royal bedchamber. A certain hotel in Sorrento, where a dozen or more royal heads have lain in one season, is even more generous, for if the rooms are empty they make no extra charge. And the traveler loves to recount when he is back on his native heath how his cheek pressed the same pillow that had been used by the little queen of Holland or the king of Saxony.—New York Tribune.

BALANCING THE SEXES.

Singular, Isn't It, the Way Nature Preserves the Equilibrium?

One of the most subtle and interesting problems of life, according to the eminent statistician and student of heredity, Professor R. J. Ewart, is the numerical relationship of sex and its influence upon the body politic. The woman's rights movement is in essence a mathematical and statistical problem, according to him. There is not a general advance of woman, as some sociologists assert. There is a sudden manifestation of her power, a period of supremacy and then a decline of her status.

The explanation is statistical mainly. True, it has always been something of a puzzle why the proportion of each kind, apparently with little or no underlying reason, is produced in the right numbers. The argument that if such were not the case the particular species would not survive does not reveal to us the methods by which this object has been achieved. That some mechanism must exist by means of which within certain limits the number of males and females born is regulated is proved by the facts of history, where we have numerous examples of wars and other social upheavals where males have largely suffered, and yet within an apparently short period of time, as measured by such events, a balance has again been established.

The sex equilibrium may be compared to that of a gyroscope, where the greater the disturbance of position the greater is the force tending to reestablish its natural stand while in motion.—Current Literature.

She Had Noticed.

He was talking to the pessimistic, sharp tongued damsel.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that, as a rule, bachelors are wealthier than married men?"

"I have," she replied.

"How do you account for it?" he inquired.

"The poor man marries and the rich one doesn't," she answered. "A man is much more disposed to divide nothing with a woman than he is to divide something, you know."

Maine's First Hotel.

Maine's first public hotel was built in 1654. Waddock's Ordinary, erected near Old Orchard, according to a Saco historian, is entitled to the distinction. The old tavern was erected by Henry Waddock and stood almost within sight of the large summer hostelries which fringe the crescent shaped beach at Old Orchard.—Kennebec Journal.

The Doctor's Boy.

"Mamma, the doctor's boy next door made faces at me."

"And what did you do?"

"I stuck out my tongue at him."

"Dear, dear! And what did the bad boy do then?"

"He just said it was badly coated."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Near Nature Return.

"You must quit spending so much time in rathskellers and get back to nature more."

"All right, doc. I'd just as soon sit in the palm room."—Pittsburg Post.

The Fountain at the Corner.

Beranger is best known for his bacchanalian songs. One night he was at supper with Dumas the elder. The younger Dumas, who was present, was passing through his college course and at that period was exhibiting those characteristics which unfortunately developed in later life. Noticing that Beranger had drunk only water, he somewhat indiscreetly asked, "Where do you obtain, M. Beranger, all the wine which we find in your songs?"

The poet's reply was, "From the fountain at the corner, my boy, and you would do well to make that the source of your inspiration."

Invincible Logic.

Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by the train)—Ye micht like tae leave me a bob or twa tae drink ye a safe journey, Wullie. Wullie (feigning regret)—Man, I canna. A' my spare shullin's I gie tae my auld mither. Donald—That's strange, because yer mither told me ye never gie her onything. Wullie—Weel, if I dinna gie my auld mither onything, what sort o' chance dae ye think you've got?—London Punch.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

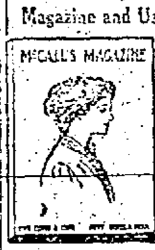
TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS



Ladies! Save Money and Keep in Style by Reading McCall's Magazine and Using McCall Patterns

McCall's Magazine will help you dress stylishly at a moderate expense by keeping you posted on the latest fashions in clothes and hats. 50 New Fashion Designs in each issue. Also valuable information on all home and personal matters. Only 50c a year, including a free pattern. Subscribe today or send for free sample copy.

McCall Patterns will enable you to make in your own home, with your own hands, clothing for yourself and children which will be perfect in style and fit. Price—none higher than 15 cents. Send for free Pattern Catalogue.

We Will Give You Fine Presents for getting subscriptions among your friends. Send for free Premium Catalogue and Cash Prize Offer.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 239 to 249 West 37th St., NEW YORK

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5 and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS.
Editor and Prop'r.

Treasurer.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. W. RUBIN.
Smethport, Pa., July 11, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Treasurer of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

C. C. MELVIN, 2d.
Bradford, Pa., June 30, 1911.

Sheriff.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce the undersigned as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

R. P. YERDON.
Kane, Pa., August 1, 1911.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

ANDREW MANGAN.
Kane, Pa., Aug. 12, 1911.

County Commissioner.

Custer City, Bradford Township, July 5, 1911:—Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for county commissioner on the Republican ticket, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries on September 30.

L. M. SIGGINS.

Editor McKean Miner: Kindly announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters, at the primaries to be held Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

A. R. ANDERSON.
Clermont, Pa., July 5th, 1911.

District Attorney.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of district attorney of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on Sept. 30, next.

THOMAS B. WILSON.
Bradford, Pa., July 1, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate on the Republican ticket for the nomination for the office of District Attorney of McKean County, at the primary election to be held on Sept. 30th, next.

GUY H. MAYO
Smethport, Pa., Aug. 22d, 1911.

Coroner.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

E. R. SHERMAN.
Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce that I am a candidate for Coroner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries to be held September 30, 1911.

A. N. HEARD.
Bradford, Pa., July 10, 1911.

Recorder of Deeds.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries Sept. 30th, 1911.

HOMER M. CHOATE.
Smethport, Pa., July 24th, 1911.

Prothonotary.

Editor of the Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the will of the Republican voters, as expressed in the primaries to be held on the 30th day of September, 1911.

B. F. STARSKY.
Smethport, Pa., July 22, 1911.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of prothonotary of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held on the 30th day of September, 1911.

J. C. CANNON, Jr.

Register of Wills and Clerk of Orphans' Court.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, Sept. 30, next.

JOHN B. EASTMAN.
Smethport, Pa., August 1, 1911.

Clerk of Courts.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Clerk of Courts for McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican party at their primaries, Sept. 30, 1911.

FRANK R. FOSTER.
Smethport, Pa., Aug. 9, 1911.

County Auditor.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, next.

H. D. OTTO.
Keating Township, August 7, 1911.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 7, 1911.

It is expected that the case of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., who is being tried for the murder of his young wife at Chesterfield, Va., will be finished to-day.

Paul Geidel, the 17-year-old bell boy, charged with the murder of William Jackson, an aged man, in the Iroquois Hotel in New York last July, was found guilty of murder in the second degree last Friday, and was sentenced to not less than 20 years nor more than life, at hard labor in Sing Sing prison.

More than [illegible] persons have died from cholera in Italy, since the first of the year, according to reliable information received in Chiasso, Switzerland. The same information states that Italian people believe the authorities are responsible for the scourge and numerous riots have occurred between the health authorities and the poor people. Strong measures have been adopted by the authorities to maintain order.

Dispatches from Pekin, China, say: The floods in the Yangtse river continue. Hundreds of square miles are under water. The first estimates of 100,000 drowned are correct. In addition to these unfortunates several million people have been driven from their homes to the hillsides where they are herded like cattle. The mortality among the survivors is increasing rapidly. The survivors of the great floods in the Yangtse valley are threatened with a famine, and have begun a march on Soochow for the purpose, it is feared, of looting the great rice storage warehouses there.

Champ Clark has threatened to wipe out the tariff board. What Champ desires is to keep the tariff in [illegible] politics. The Democracy is hungry for campaign issues and it is hoped that the high cost of living will cause many people to favor tariff reduction. Champ does not wait until any report of the tariff commission has been submitted. He is always busily engaged in the work of attacking the Republican party, its plans, aspects and candidates. Yet Champ is greatly distressed whenever any person intimates that he is playing politics.—Bradford Era.

Mlle. Arria Ly, the French suffragette who has challenged M. Massal, editor-in-chief of a daily newspaper in Toulouse, because he wrote a sarcastic editorial about her, declared recently that she had received a dozen letters from gallant men who desire to take her place and fight the editor for her. M. Massal has refused to meet Mlle. Ly, saying that he does not fight duels with women. "I will never consent to let a man fight for me," said Mlle. Ly, emphatically. "I appreciate the offers, but it is for me to defend my honor. This editor says that he does not fight with women, but the truth is that he is a coward. He knows that I am one of the best pistol shots in France." Mlle. Ly is the leader of the woman suffrage movement in France and insists that she will yet force M. Massal into a duel.

A letter was received late this afternoon by Prosecutor Wendenburg, who has had charge of the case against Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., which may make absolutely certain the conviction of the rich youth. It may at this last moment of the trial, halt proceedings so that the sender of it may be produced before the court to tell an amazing first hand story of the crime. For the writer (and from all indications he is no crank or notority seeker) declares in his missive that he actually saw the crime committed by Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., and was bribed, subsequently by young Beattie to keep silent and leave this part of the country. He is being watched to-night by the authorities of the section to which he fled, and in all likelihood will be brought here sometime to-morrow morning, says a dispatch from Richmond dated yesterday.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the corporation which has been the center of anti-trust agitation for years, has passed out of existence as far as its present form and functions are concerned. Hereafter this famous corporation will cease officially to carry on its operations as the head of a vast organization whose activities extend into almost every part of the world. In obedience to the decree of dissolution of the Supreme Court it has to relinquish its control of the subsidiary concerns, and last Thursday was the date set for the ending of the old regime. With the end of the business day the companies' transfer of books, containing the list of stockholders, closed, and the stock of its subsidiaries will be distributed among the stockholders in the parent organization of record at that time. The work of apportioning the company's holdings of the stock of more than 30 subsidiaries affected will occupy at least three months, it is expected, so that the readjustment will not be complete prior to December 1.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

As the plenteous rain of the past few weeks have caused every growing thing to put forth new life, now is the time to select the nicest plants and enter them in Department K, of the McKean County fair. All entries must be made before 5 p. m. on Saturday, September 9th.

All articles in this class must be correctly labelled. Collections cannot compete for single premiums. Plants in pots must be delivered at the Hall not later than 5 a. m. Tuesday, Sept. 12th. Cut flowers may be delivered at the Hall not later than 8 a. m. on Wednesday, Sept. 13th. Judges will act on Wednesday at 9 a. m. Premiums in this class: $1.00 to first; 50c to second. Cut flowers to get best results should be placed in water from eight to twelve hours before shipping and plants well watered.

Many may agree with the present Superintendent that the hour of delivery is too early for the convenience of those in the county depending on the Penna. R. R. south for transportation, yet we must make the best of it this year and try for an improvement another year.

Let each one do their very best to make the Floral department the prettiest place in the Hall. All plants or flowers will be watered and cared for during the fair.

Those wishing to compete may bring plants not later than 11 a. m. Tuesday and cut flowers not later than 11 a. m. Wednesday.

M. E. G. VENTRES,
Supt. of Dept. K

Notice to Electors.

Owing to a decision of Judge Benson in Erie county, assessors of property will not be elected in McKean county this fall, excepting county and city assessors in the city of Bradford and in Lewis Run.

Therefore, districts outside of Bradford and Lewis Run, are directed not to file petitions for the office of assessor of property, as the assessors elected in Feb., 1910, in these districts will serve until the first Monday of December, 1913.

JOHN P. CONLIN,
JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH.
Aug.31-2t County Commissioners.

Notice.

Wanted—Good Housekeeping Magazine requires the services of a representative in Smethport to look after subscription renewals and to extend circulation by special methods which have proved unusually successful. Salary and commission. Previous experience desirable, but not essential. Whole time or spare time. Address, with references, J. F. Fairbanks, Good Housekeeping Magazine, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

My wife, Mrs. Z. C. Edwards, of Coryville, Pa., has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation and I do hereby forbid all persons trusting her in my name.

Aug.31-3t JOHN C. EDWARDS.

VACATION TIME

Perhaps you need a Trunk or Traveling Bag. We have the Best in the world, the celebrated Liskly Rochester Baggage; and a complete assortment of matting and rattan cases. Cool shirts and underwear; also Hosiery and Neckwear—Just received a new stock. We have six weeks yet for Straw Hat wear; a good assortment to chose from.

ONE-HALF PRICE

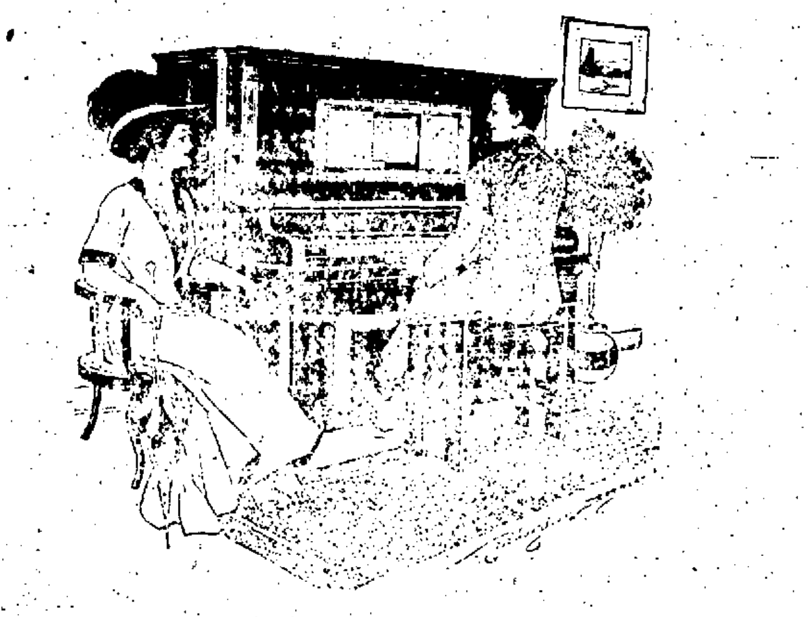
Great Big Reductions on all our Men's, Youths, and Boys' Summer Suits. A nice lot of them on hand, and all new this season.

We are showing quite a number of styles in Fall Hats.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

GRAND DISPLAY of PIANOS

ON FAIR GROUNDS UNDER GRANDSTAND



Miss Salome Ticknor of Smethport, who has been representing the Hutchens Piano House of Olean, N. Y. for the past few months will take this opportunity to exhibit several styles of Pianos and Player Pianos during Fair Week.

The Hutchens Piano House has distributed their several makes of pianos within a radius of 100 miles of Olean during the past few years without a dissatisfied purchaser and it is needless to say that the sample pianos that will be on exhibition at the Fair will be instruments of the highest grade.

15 to 25 per cent discount

After the Fair closes every piano will be sold at prices that will place every piano within reach of all.

All are invited to attend our free concerts every afternoon.

Miss Salome Ticknor in charge of booth.

HUTCHENS PIANO HOUSE

The Successful Man is the One Who Sees an Opportunity—and Sees It FIRST.

MONEY MAKING PROPOSITION PRICED RIGHT.

Established pool and billiard parlors in Shinglehouse, Pa., equipped with one billiard and 3 pool tables. Brunswick-Balke's best make. Fine equipment throughout, including cigar stand and stock of tobacco and cigars. Fine two story building 24x60, pool room on first floor, 9 living rooms with bath on second floor. Building in fine repair throughout. Lot 27x160. Business averages $50 a week profits over all expenses. Owner going away offers to sell this fine business including real estate, for only $3,500. Genuine snap for a man who *is looking for a business of this kind.*

Herrick Agency
306 Masonic Temple. Both Phones.
OLEAN, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats

$3.50 to $5.00

at

H. W. RUBIN'S

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

Write us for Prices

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

The Lindholm Co.

THE STORE of QUALITY and LOW PRICE

Our first After Supper Sale will commence Friday evening and last until closing time. We will place on sale our neckwear at greatly reduced prices.

Friday After Supper Sale

Ruching

Five pieces, Cream and White.

Regular price, 25c a yd. After Supper price 15c a yd.

Fancy Collars, Sailor Collars in colors, Jabots, Collar and cuff sets and etc.

Regular 50 cent to $1.00 ones.	After Supper price 39c.
" 25 " " 35c "	" " " 18c.
" 15 " " " "	" " " 9c.

Fancy laundried collars in colors and white.

Regular prices 10, 15 & 25c. After Supper price, 7c ea. 4, 25c.

Tuesday After Supper Sale

Belts

Our entire line of belts at very low prices.

50 cent ones:	After Supper price 38c.
25 " "	" " " 18c.
15 " "	" " " 10c.
One odd lot.	" " " 5c.

Clean Sweep Sale of Shirtwaists

Pretty patterns, good style, made of nice materials. And one of the best fitting waists made.

Regular $3.00 to $3.50.	Clean Sweep price $1.98.
" $2.00 " $3.00.	" " " $1.59.
" $1.50 " $1.25.	" " " .98.
" $1.25	" " " .89.
" $1.00.	" " " .79.
" .89	" " " .69.
One odd lot slightly soiled.	" " " .19.

Silk Waists

These are all good qualities, in fancy colors and black, ranging in price from $4.50 to $6.00. To Clean Sweep $3.89. The sale of these waists starts Saturday and closes the following Saturday.

Extra Special for Saturday Only

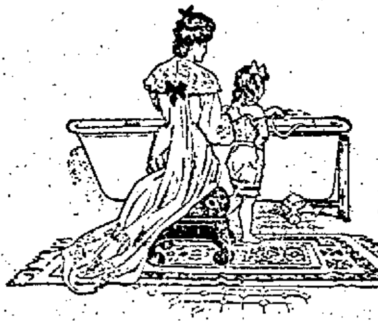
Your choice of any style of the American Beauty corsets of $1.00 quality for 89c.

One odd lot of 8 corsets that sold regular price for 50c. To close out 19c each.

Is Your Bathroom Modern?

If it is not, don't you think it is worth your while to examine into conditions, and remodel or rebuild it if necessary?

You cannot have too many safeguards for the health of yourself and family, especially the growing children. Bad or antique plumbing is as dangerous to the health as good or modern plumbing is beneficial. Better by far to pay out money for good plumbing than for doctor bills resulting from defective sanitary equipment.



The cost of renewing your bathroom furnishings and the slight extra expense of obtaining the best will in reality be health assurance, as well as a saving in repair bills.

Unquestionably the best bathroom equipment made is the famous **"Standard"** Porcelain Enameled Ware, every piece of which is unconditionally guaranteed by the makers. We have samples in our showrooms. A conference with us will give you much helpful information.

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 7, 1911.

—Argument court was held this week.

—The personal column will be found on Page 8 of today's Miner.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. John Peel[illegible], Sunday, September 3, 1911, a son.

—Mr. and Mrs. Erland Ryden and children left Tuesday for their new home in Olean, N. Y.

—Mrs. J. V. McAlpin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Church street last evening.

—C. A. Burdick, who was taken seriously ill with heart trouble last Sunday, is much better at this writing.

—Miss Cynthia Chapin entertained the "Country Cousins' Club" at her home in East Smethport yesterday.

—Mrs. C. B. Dickinson entertained a number of young ladies at her home on Bank street Friday evening.

—We regret to announce that Editor Lindsley of the Democrat is ill at his home on Fulton street this week.

—William Halloway of the Kushequa R. R. and his family will occupy the Erland Ryden house on East Main street.

—Oyster season opens this month and if the weather conditions are favorable the dealers will soon be offering them to the public.

—William Menters of Kane pleaded guilty yesterday to the charge of conducting a gambling house and was fined $100 and costs.

—The Great McKean County Fair and Races starts next Tuesday and everything points to a successful and highly instructive meeting.

—The Pjolk brothers, charged with killing David Gustafson at Sheffield on the evening of March 28, last, are being tried at Warren this week.

—George L. Sunderlin of Penn Yan, N. Y., has accepted a position with The Lindholm Co. Mr. Sunderlin was formerly with Bradner's, Olean, N. Y.

N. Sozer, a well-known business man of Emporium and an uncle of W. T. Sozer, formerly of this place, died at his home on Wednesday of last week.

—Mrs. C. W. Freeman entertained twenty young ladies at a 6 o'clock dinner Thursday evening of last week in honor of the 18th anniversary of her daughter, Flossie.

—We received word this morning that some unknown persons have been hounding deer in the vicinity of Clermont. This is a case for our local game warden to thoroughly investigate.

The [illegible] Music House will display pianos and player pianos at the McKean County Fair next week. Miss Salome Tickner will have charge of the booth. See advertisement in this issue.

The Sunday school of the M. E. church held its picnic at Coryville Saturday. An elegant dinner was served at noon after which a ball game and [illegible] were the principal amusements.

—[illegible] Fish, a former Smethport [illegible], who has been editor of the Whitesville, N. Y., News for the past [illegible] years, has resigned his position and [illegible] J. Robbins of Whitesville has taken his place.

—The following were appointed August 28, 1911, for viewers of McKean county: C. W. Shattuck, C. M. O'Gaughre, Watley Gilford, George Richards, M. T. Sharts, B. F. Cory, Paul P. Lyon and R. J. Campbell.

—Frank Ellwood and sister, Miss Ethel, desire to thank their many friends and neighbors who gave them so much assistance and showed them so many kindnesses during the last sickness and death of their mother.

—The business men of Kane at a meeting held there last Monday decided to have a fast professional [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] of the [illegible] were elected and there is money in sight for a good [illegible].

The [illegible] and the Travelers' Club [illegible] a rest room at the McKean County Fair next week. Parcels may be checked at this place and everybody is invited to [illegible] themselves at home there during the fair.

—Right Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, D. D., Bishop of Erie, confirmed a large class at St. [illegible] Catholic church Tuesday afternoon at [illegible] o'clock. There [illegible] at this time which had been conducted by the Rev. Father [illegible] of St. Bonaventure's College, Allegany, N. Y.

Some of the young men of Farmers Valley are getting ready for the Farmers' Race at the fair, to be held next week. On Saturday last one young man with a team hitched to a mowing machine outclassed a horse attached to a single buggy in a very exciting race, which took place on Farmers Valley's "Main street."

—Mrs. John Saulpaugh entertained a party of friends at her home on Fulton street Tuesday evening in honor of her parents, it being their 25th anniversary of their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Hungiville were the recipients of many beautiful silver gifts. Excellent refreshments were served and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

—Secretary Henry J. Rice of the McKean County Fair Assn. informed the writer this morning that he had received word from several of the "scouts" at the various fairs to the effect that they were booking many horses and midway attractions and that a carload of horses had already been shipped from Warsaw. He says there will be more good horses here this year than ever before.

—There was a mixup between an automobile and two rigs on Main street last Saturday night in which three young people were slightly injured. The unfortunate ones were Misses Lily and Mabel Lynch and Orlo Furman, all of whom were more or less bruised but none were seriously injured. An automobile coming up the street frightened a horse near Nelson street and this rig crowded Mr. Furman's rig into the ditch throwing himself and the young ladies out.

—Orson Stull of this place and Miss Marjorie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Berg Pierce of East Smethport, were united in marriage at Buffalo on Tuesday, August 29, 1911. The bride is a popular young lady and the groom has held a position with H. H. Redfield as chauffeur for the past two years. Mr. and Mrs. Stull have many friends in Smethport and vicinity who will unite with The Miner in wishing them a long and happy married life.

—Read the advertisement of Fry & Comes in this issue.

On Tuesday afternoon the Warren county grand jury came into court on the Stella Hodge murder charge, and reported "not a true bill." This means that the Hodge woman's alleged confession that she had killed Emile Amann is not believed by the grand jury. A further report in this case may be full of sensations. One is expected to-day. It will be recalled that Stella Hodge made a sworn statement, some weeks ago, asserting that it was she and not John M. Andrews, who had caused the death of Amann. Much speculation is indulged in as to what may be brought out, next, in this mysterious murder case.

Mark Schoonmaker had both bones broken in his left arm shortly after one o'clock last Saturday afternoon by being struck by a falling ladder. He was assisting in running an extension ladder into the gable of the parsonage of the Swedish Lutheran church which he and Amandus Engstrom were painting when the clamp failed to catch and the ladders telescoped. Schoonmaker tried to catch the upper ladder and shoved his arm [illegible] to [illegible] and his arm was caught between the rungs about three inches above the wrist. Dr. Chadwick reduced the fracture, which will lay him up for some time.

A Slingh-house man is greatly loved by his family because he always gives warning when he is cranky. Whenever he has had a hard day down town, and his nerves have been shattered, on arriving home at night he delivers this little speech to the family and they leave him alone: [illegible] because the [illegible]. I am out of sorts and [illegible], and if you don't care to have your heads snapped off, please leave me alone. Don't ask any foolish questions, and perhaps it would be better if you do not speak to me at all until tomorrow morning, when my condition will have improved. Please put the cat out doors, as I am liable to kick the liver out of it. And don't you dare suggest that the lawn needs mowing!"—Mollie.

Sewing Machines Rebuilt.

George W. Stanson, the sewing machine expert, of Elmira, N. Y. will open an office in Smethport about Sept. 7, for a limited period. Mr. Stanson will repair all kinds of sewing machines [illegible] If the machine [illegible] need [illegible] ice you would get were you to send [illegible] the factory. [illegible] need only ring in [illegible] Watch [illegible]

Sept. 7th. GEORGE W. STANSON.

Students who attend the Lock Haven State Normal School are always [illegible] with their choice. They [illegible] have home [illegible] and [illegible] than ordinary conveniences [illegible] they receive the personal attention of the Principal and faculty. Their health is safe guarded as well as their morals, and parents can always feel that their children are well cared for at this school. The management of the school invites visits from parents, and those interested in the great cause of education. Write for its catalog. 1t

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

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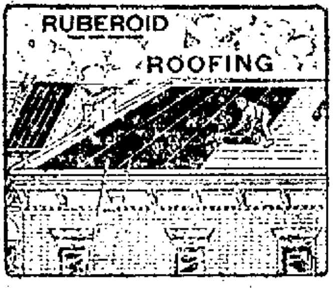
WHY



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GREEN GRAPES AND DIAMONDS

A Novel Plan, but It Does Not Work

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The unset diamonds rippled through Mr. Freer's fingers in a stream of purple and fire. He gathered them into a little heap, scraped them up and poured them into a small chamois leather bag.

"Be sure to declare these, Eleanor. It will be cheaper in the end. Telephone me at the office and I will send a check down to the customs immediately. You better let me take them over tomorrow. You are rather careless, my dear."

"No, indeed, John Freer! I shall carry them back to New York myself, and I will show you that, although I may sometimes be careless in little things, when there is really something worth while to be taken care of I shall not fail. As for declaring them, the duty will be frightful. They are worth $10,000, you said."

"All of that, and the duty will bring up the cost. But I can afford to pay it. The tariff afforded me protection when I was a manufacturer. Certainly I would not dream of cheating in the matter," said Freer gravely. "I'll take care of the diamonds until I sail tomorrow. Then you may take care of them, but I warn you against trying to smuggle them in. I shall meet you at the boat on your arrival and settle the matter at once."

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. Freer meekly, yet with a sparkle in her eye which did not escape her quiet, indulgent husband. "Now, as this is your last night in Paris shall we not try the opera?"

"With pleasure. I'm going out now, but I'll be in before dinner. Will you have Armand pack my things? I must catch that Cherbourg express without fail if I'm to make my boat in the morning." Mr. Freer kissed his wife lightly and left the room and later the hotel.

Mrs. Freer looked thoughtfully at her rings as her husband left the room, and a little smile curved her lips at the daring thought that entered her pretty head. After an unusually long silence she tossed a kiss toward the silver framed photograph of her husband and spoke aloud:

"With all due respect to your judgment, dear John—Ugh! Fancy paying all that duty besides Bifaux's bill for setting the stones in my platinum chain! No, sir!" With which expressive and mysterious remark she danced out of the room.

The next morning found her alone in Paris while her husband was probably homeward bound across the Atlantic. He had been summoned to New York by important business matters, and Eleanor, with her shopping half done, had decided to remain and finish it, going home by the boat on which they had engaged passage for the return trip.

Now that she was alone she poured the stones through her slender fingers, delighting in their sparkle and brilliancy and the purity of their color. Then she hid them in her bosom and went forth to attend to her neglected shopping.

Homeward bound on the Leonire, Mrs. Freer wore a proud and triumphant smile that would have aroused her husband's suspicions had he seen it. When the little groups of the women talked over the duties that would have to be paid on their purchases, Eleanor listened contentedly and said she meant to declare every thing she bought.

When the port of New York was reached at last Mrs. Freer was among those who were first on deck, because they noticed with quite a marvel [illegible] hat trimmed with green wax grapes on her lovely hair.

Her first disappointment came when she did not find her devoted husband awaiting her at the pier, and afterward she was conscious of a distinct feeling of relief. It was quite as well, she concluded, if John should not appear for an hour or so.

As Eleanor waited patiently for her trunks to be examined a fellow voyager approached her with a worried look.

"Dear Mrs. Freer," she whispered, "I'm so nervous I don't know what to do. Did you ever smuggle anything through?"

Mrs. Freer looked properly shocked. "Is it quite the right thing to do?" she asked virtuously.

"Oh, bother!" said Mrs. Foster impatiently. "The government is rich enough without taking toll of my poor little purchases. I'm wondering—look at that—is there anything unusual about it?" She held forth a silk umbrella with a knob handle of silver, plain and practical looking.

"No. Why? You haven't—really?" Mrs. Freer's eyebrows went up in surprise.

The other nodded emphatically. "I had it made to order," she whispered. "The stick is larger than is ordinary and hollow—a string of pearls for Dorothy. The handle screws on. The cleverest artisan in the Rue de Hilaire made it for me, and I bribed him to secrecy. The whole thing, umbrella, pearls and bribe, cost—guess how many thousand francs."

"I couldn't," declared Mrs. Freer breathlessly.

Mrs. Foster whispered in her ear, and the other smiled incredulously.

"Why, that must equal the amount of the duty on your pearls," she hazarded.

"My dear, it's more than the duty would be, and so I've simply got to get them through. Ah, it is my turn now!" She hastened away to give up the key to her trunks, and Eleanor heard her shrill treble rising in expostulation against the quick decisive tones of the customs official.

And after awhile the official consulted a notebook and read something therefrom to Mrs. Foster. With a bitter cry she gave up her umbrella, and with a quick turn of his wrist the official compelled that carefully manufactured article to disgorge the pearls.

After the confusion surrounding this incident had died away Mrs. Freer found herself growing quite nervous, as the other passengers in the "F" section quickly made their declarations and were promptly released. At last she alone was left, and she came reluctantly forward with her keys.

One by one the trunks were thrown open and her dainty belongings tossed about for inspection. Memorandum was made of her dutiable articles and the trunks closed. Then her hand luggage was gone over carefully without result.

At last the official straightened himself and looked her calmly in the eye.

"That is all you have to declare, madam?" he asked.

"I have given you my keys—you see what is there," returned Mrs. Freer haughtily.

"How about the diamonds?" he asked unpleasantly.

"Diamonds!" gasped Mrs. Freer.

He nodded and consulted the same notebook that had been the undoing of little Mrs. Foster.

"Our agents report that you purchased diamonds to the value of $10,000 when you were in Paris," he announced. "Where are they?"

"This is an outrage," stammered Eleanor tearfully.

"It is the law, madam," he corrected sternly, and then, "I trust you will not make a personal search necessary."

Mrs. Freer hesitated, and then pride came to her aid. To admit that she had tried to smuggle diamonds through the customs was too mortifying to endure. She would face it out. They would never guess where she had hidden them. It was her own idea and so clever.

"You may make the personal search if you wish," she said sweetly. And then she was conducted to a small room and placed in the hands of a sharp eyed woman, who consulted with the official in low tones before she turned to Mrs. Freer.

"Will you please remove your hat, madam?" she asked courteously.

"Certainly," returned Eleanor, with a little hysterical laugh. "I suppose you believe I have diamonds concealed in my hair."

"I have heard of stranger cases," returned the woman grimly. "No, madam, you needn't take down your hair. I think I can locate them without."

She took the charming hat from Eleanor's shaking hands and held it under a strong drop light. Then she drew forth a pair of sharp scissors and deliberately snipped one of the green grapes from its stem, tore it open and pulled out a stuffing of cotton wool, from which dropped a glistening gem.

While Mrs. Freer suffered mild hysterics, the woman calmly denuded the hat of its green grapes, and from each one she produced a stone, which she laid in a tray. She counted them carefully and then called in the official.

"What do you make of them?" she asked.

He smiled broadly and nodded approval at Mrs. Freer. "Pretty clever trick, madam," he said, and she felt a grain of comfort in the knowledge that her dishonesty was of high degree.

"How did you guess?" she faltered.

"No guesswork about it," he said cheerfully. "The man who made your grapes to order, wasn't it?—happened to be one of our spies; that's all." He was examining the stones with a strong glass. Then he turned to Eleanor once more. "Why did you take pains to smuggle through false stones, madam?" he demanded.

"False?" she gasped. "Why, my husband paid $10,000 for them!"

"Then he was badly bitten. They're not worth $100."

It was at this moment that John Freer chose to arrive, admitted by the magic of his card and coin of the republic.

His sharp eyes took in the situation at a glance—his tearful wife, her denuded hat and the heap of imitation diamonds.

"Eleanor," he chided gently, "what did I warn you? Tell me what sort of trouble you're in that I may help you out of it."

She told him unreservedly, and he laughed when she had concluded—laughed heartlessly.

"False, you say? Yes, my dear, they are. The genuine diamonds came over with me a fortnight ago and were properly declared and the duty paid. Those I left with you were cheap imitations I ran out and purchased the very night before I sailed—after you had expressed your ideas regarding smuggling. Now you've had a taste of it how do you like trying to cheat your Uncle Sam? Unprofitable, eh?"

"It's perfectly horrid," sobbed Eleanor against his shoulder. "I feel so mean I don't know what to do, John!"

"Just don't do it again. Cut your morals on the straight," advised Freer kindly.

"I will hereafter. But"—sighing—"the way of the transgressor is hard—hard as diamonds, John."

"And as bitter as green grapes," added her husband.

A JACK OF ALL TRADES.

Monotony Will Never Kill England's Postmaster General.

The British postmaster general is what Londoners call a universal provider, a regular department store of public functions.

He will insure your life, give you a little bank to hoard your pennies in, take care of your savings, sell you an annuity, a postal order or a foreign draft, invest your spare capital in a nice little government bond and pay a weekly pension to your aged mother or aunt.

He carries letters and other mail matter, transmits telegrams, cablegrams and wireless messages, maintains an enormous staff of messenger boys and conducts an express company business for every sort of parcel, from a halfpenny packet up to shipments of eggs, dressed poultry and fresh fish.

He collects all the worn copper coins for the British treasury. He has factories for making his supplies and an electric central station of his own in London for lighting his offices, sending the current through his cable ducts. He will sell you a license for a dog, a carriage, a motorcar or a family coat of arms, or he will put in your telephone and take care of your hellos.

At a dinner the other night the postmaster general confessed that he sometimes doubted whether he had any human personality at all. When he thought of his own functions, he said, he was appalled by them. In his official capacity he is responsible for more property than anybody else in the United Kingdom, employs far more people than any individual or corporation, prosecutes more malefactors every day than the public prosecutor and sends out every week more apologies for himself and explanations of his actions than all the rest of the British population combined.—Telephone Review.

LITTLE SORREL.

The Favorite Battle Charger of Stonewall Jackson.

Among the many battle steeds ridden during the war between the states by the celebrated Confederate Corps Commander Stonewall Jackson of Lee's army his favorite was a charger affectionately named Little Sorrel by the Second corps of the Army of Virginia. He was about fifteen hands and, as General Longstreet said to the writer, strongly resembled, except in color, President Zachary Taylor's Old Whitey of the Mexican war. Jackson rode him at Bull Run, Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Manassas, Antietam, Harpers Ferry, Fredericksburg and on many other battlefields. He mounted Little Sorrel for the last time at Chancellorsville May 2, 1863, and in the battle was mortally wounded by his own men and died a week later.

General Bradley T. Johnson of Maryland in a letter to the present writer remarks: "Jackson was an ungainly horseman, and when he rode by the troops Little Sorrel would strike off on a run. The general would pull off his cap and ride bareheaded at full speed past miles of shouting Confederates. The saying was when you heard that yell before or behind you on the march, 'There goes old Jack on a rabbit.' When the soldiers started a rabbit they'd scare him to death with yelling."

Little Sorrel died at the Soldiers' home near Richmond at the age of thirty-six years and is now to be seen, like Sheridan's Winchester, carefully preserved in a glass case after being prepared by a skillful taxidermist at Lexington.—Gen. James Grant Wilson in S. P. C. A. Bulletin.

Sensitive Meredith.

The house at 17 Red Lion square, W. C., London, was once occupied by William Morris, Burne-Jones and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. George Meredith in the days of his extremest penury joined with those other three young men in their bachelor establishment. The state of his boots, we are told by one of the biographers, at length aroused the solicitude of his fellow tenants, who one night stealthily replaced them by a new pair. But Meredith was so much piqued by what was meant in all kindness that he withdrew from the fellowship the next day.—London News.

A Political Placard.

John B. Thompson of Kentucky, who served in both houses of congress, was a master of the art of ridicule. Here is his characterization of the contempt in which party platforms are held after elections:

"The two or three last platform presidents we have had when they got in the car of state and safely seated all around everywhere you could see, 'Do not stand on the platform when the cars are in motion.'"—McClure's Magazine.

Others Like Her.

Business Man (explaining)—When they say "money is easy" they mean simply that supply is greater than the demand. His Wife—Goodness! I shouldn't think such a thing possible.—Boston Transcript.

Better In an Argument.

Blobbs—A woman can generally hit the nail on the head. Slobbs—Yes, but generally more successfully with an argument than with a hammer.—Philadelphia Record.

Quiet Resting Place.

Bertie—Do you know, Gertie, I'm regular run down. Where's the best place to go for a good long rest? Gertie—The cemetery.

MURDER INDICTMENTS.

A Sample of the Idiotic Style In Which They Are Written.

Murder has been written of as a fine art, but it remained for the United States to treat it as a sport. In many of the states an indictment for murder contains nearly enough words to fill a column and sounds like the conversation of an idiot. Here is a sample:

"That the said J. F. G., a certain pistol then and there charged with gunpowder and leaden bullets, which said pistol he, the said J. F. G., then and there in his right hand had and held, then and there unlawfully, purposely and of deliberate and premeditated malice, did discharge and shoot off to, against and upon the said F. M., with the intent aforesaid, and that the said J. F. G., with the leaden bullets aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, by the force of the gunpowder aforesaid, by the said J. F. G., then and there discharged and shot off as aforesaid, him, the said F. M., in and upon the upper right side of the back of him, the said F. M., then and there"—

This isn't as idiotic as it looks, however. It is part of our sporting theory of justice, which makes a murder trial a game of skill and finesse between opposing counsel. By the slightest deviation from statutory form one side may lose the game. Convictions for the most abhorrent crimes have repeatedly been set aside because of trivial verbal omissions in the indictment.

Had the murder referred to in the above quotation occurred in Canada the indictment would have read simply: "The jurors of our lord the king present that J. F. G. on the 6th day of August, one thousand nine hundred and eight, at the city of Winnipeg, in the province of Manitoba, murdered F. M." Canadian procedure concerns itself with the murder. Ours in many jurisdictions concerns itself with the legal sport, whether the murderer is punished or not being a secondary consideration.—Saturday Evening Post.

PEPYS, THE DIARIST.

Pronouncing the Name of the Garrulous Old Gossip.

Lovers of Pepys often dispute over the correct pronunciation of his name. The form Peeps is the one that has chief authority on its side, and it is according to analogy in other like spellings, such as Wemyss, pronounced Weems. Peeps still holds good at Cambridge and dates from its bearer's own time. It is also retained by the representatives of Samuel's sister, the Pepys Cockerell family, who are heirs to his fame and some of his property. The late Rev. J. W. Ebsworth, an indefatigable collector and editor of ballads, adopts this pronunciation in his pleasing stanzas on "A Gossip at Deptford."

For instance:

The state has no servant of all whom she keeps,
Like my squab little friend, who no later does shirk,
The pattern of quill driving clerks, Sam Pepys.

A disturbing element in the discussion is that the branch of the family represented by the Earl of Cottenham pronounce the name Peppis.

No bearer of the name has ever been known as Peps, though Ashby Sterry, a respected member of the Pepys club, follows this common but erroneous pronunciation in this excellent epigram, published in the London Graphic November, 1891:

There are people, I'm told—some say there are heaps—
Who speak of the talkative Samuel as Peeps.
And some so precise and pedantic their step is,
Who call the delightful old diarist Pepys.
But those I think right, and I follow the steps,
Ever mention the garrulous gossip as Peps.

Woes of Translators.

The way of translators is hard, especially where African native languages are concerned. Favorite English hymns, translated for the benefit of the natives, sometimes contain renderings not altogether faultless. "Go labor on, spend and be spent," was given as "Go blunder on," etc. The most extravagant instance, however, was the hymn, "Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing," which the natives were exhorted to join fervently in singing. Months later the missionaries discovered that what they really had been singing was, "Lord, kick us out, softly, softly."—Glasgow Herald.

To Meet an Emergency.

"Madam, have you any old clothes to give away?"

"I have a suit belonging to my husband, but I fear it is too big for you."

"Oh, that will be all right. You just set me out a square meal and watch me eat enough so that I can fill it."—Washington Times.

A Protection.

"Any man looks stupid when he wears a monocle," said the critical girl.

"That's why so many of us fellows wear 'em," replied the candid youth. "If we happen to look stupid we blame the monocle."—Washington Star.

No Wedding Day Bargain.

The Husband (during the quarrel)—You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't? The Wife—Yes, sir; on my wedding day.—Variety Life.

The Cynic.

"Married yet, old man?"

"No, but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only knew it."

Suffering is part of the divine idea.—Beecher.

HEALTH AND FOOD.

A Doctor's Idea of a Perfectly Balanced All Year Round Diet.

That every one is more or less susceptible to tubercular trouble is a matter on which all old fashioned medical authorities are agreed. They tell us that we may pass through a phase and out again without knowing it. According to Dr. F. Y. Hull in the Dietetic Gazette, there is only one thing very certain, and that is that if we keep in good health or adapt ourselves to a perfectly balanced diet the danger is slight.

He advocates a reduction of vegetable food, relying more upon butter, meat and nuts. Here, of course, one has to face the increased danger of tubercular meat, itself probably a large contributory cause of consumption.

This is Dr. Hull's idea of a perfectly balanced diet, calculated to keep the average individual in perfect health all the year round: The basis for the diet is found in meat, eggs, milk, butter, bread, potatoes and fruit. It consists daily of two quarts of milk, five eggs, four ounces of beef, one and one-half ounces of butter, two ounces of nuts (pecans, four ounces of bread, three and one-half ounces of rice, three ounces each of potatoes, peas and oatmeal, one ounce sugar, one ounce raisins, one apple and one orange.

FOLLIES OF SCIENCE.

Seven Problems That Have So Far Baffled Man's Mighty Brain.

The history of science has seven problems that men in all ages more or less have tried to solve, but which have finally been given up by all. Today they are called follies.

The usual list comprises the following: First, squaring the circle; second, duplication of the cube; third, trisection of an angle; fourth, perpetual motion; fifth, transmutation of metals; sixth, fixation of mercury; seventh, elixir of life. Some lists put the philosopher's stone for the last three and then add astrology and magic to make the seven.

To the unlearned it would seem possible to draw a square which shall be exactly equal in area to a given circle, which is the first problem in the list, but we are told by the highest authorities that it is impossible.

Since the discovery of radium it is claimed that the change of one metal into another has been accomplished, but it is yet too early to dogmatize about the matter.—Chicago Journal.

Learn to Think on Your Feet.

It does not matter whether one wants to be a public speaker or not, a person should have such complete control of himself, should be so self reliant and self poised, that he can get up in any audience, no matter how large or formidable, and express his thoughts clearly and distinctly. In all ages oratory has been regarded as the highest expression of human achievement. Young people, no matter what they intend to be, whether blacksmith or farmer, merchant or physician, should make it a study. Nothing else will call out what is in a man more quickly and more effectively than the constant effort to do his best in speaking before an audience. When one undertakes to think on one's feet and speak extemporaneously before the public the power and the skill of the entire man are put to the severest test.—Success Magazine.

At Sea on Land.

A clergyman who had neglected all knowledge of nautical affairs was asked to deliver an address before an audience of sailors. He was discoursing on the stormy passages of life. Thinking he could make his remarks more pertinent to his hearers by metaphorically using sea expressions, he said:

"Now, friends, you know that when you are at sea in a storm the thing you do is anchor."

A half concealed snicker spread over the room, and the clergyman knew that he had made a mistake.

After the services one of his listeners came to him and said, "Mr. ——, have you ever been at sea?"

The minister replied:

"No, unless it was while I was delivering that address."

Rivulets and the Rivers.

All are to be men of genius in their degree—rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that the souls be clear and pure, not dead walls encompassing dead heaps of things known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.—Ruskin's "The Stones of Venice."

Abrupt.

Judge Stevens had a slight hesitation in his speech, but that affliction did not prevent his using long words. One morning his dog Snip got into a fight with another dog. Tapping him with his cane, Judge Stevens exclaimed, "D-d-dis-con-t-t-tin-ue."—Success Magazine.

Amended.

"James is a physical wreck."

"Why, he used to have a strong constitution."

"Yes, but the doctors have amended it several times."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nothing raises the price of a blessing like its removal, whereas it was its continuance which should have cost us its value.—Hannah More.

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THE SAPPHIRE RING

A Story of the Times of the Parliamentary Supremacy In England

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Now that bonny King Charlie has returned to us, already we are beginning to forget the trials through which we have passed since the parliamentary forces secured full control and led their lawful sovereign to the block. The confiscation of our estates not only turned us out of our homes, but we found ourselves without the wherewithal to live. I was a girl of twenty when a psalm singing colonel in the Roundhead army who had done some service to the rebel cause was put in possession of our homestead. My father had fallen in the king's defense at Marston Moor and my brother at Naseby.

And now since my mother had died when I was a little girl I was left to bear this great load alone, and when I walked out of the place where I and my ancestors for generations had been [illegible] there was no other on earth for me to seek [illegible]. Relatives I had, but they were in no condition to receive me, having lost their all as I had lost mine. My father had foreseen that this trouble might befall us and had placed a hundred pounds in gold [illegible] as a last resort when the blow should fall. I, the last of my lineage, now had this money in my purse, but what to do with it I knew not. I walked on a road leading from my home, weeping as I walked, though I admit my tears were rather of rage than of submission to an adverse fate. I had wished when a child that I had been born a boy, for I preferred boys' sports to those of girls, and when the war came on I wished to be a man that I might fight for my sovereign. But I was still a woman, without man's advantages.

I could not stop till I had reached a point where I would not be known, for I could not bear that persons who had long been familiar with the glory of our house should see me dispossessed and an outcast. I put ten leagues between me and my home; then, tired and footsore, coming to an inn, I stopped to rest. I would have concealed the fact that I was a lady, but I could not. The landlady, knowing my estate, took me up to a room and brought me a little broth, of which I partook but sparingly; then she insisted that I should rest on a couch.

"You are the Lady Madge Cloverleigh?" she said. "I have seen you often pass our inn in your coach, and once you stopped here with your father to sup. [illegible] that you should [illegible] I hear our young men [illegible] with which to keep body and soul together, are taking to the road. Only last night a young captain who has fought with Prince Rupert left this inn, and ten minutes later a Roundhead was robbed of his purse."

Burning with anger as I was, this put an idea into my crazy brain. Now that these times are passed it fills me with wonder that I could have thought of such a means to make a living. I resolved to take to the road myself. Telling the landlady that I would fain hide myself and my condition under a disguise, I bought from her a suit belonging to one of her sons who had been killed in the war; also his weapons. I had entered the inn as a maid; I left it as a man. I had only to get me a horse and I was ready for the highway. This I bought from a farmer, and, once mounted, booted and spurred, I felt the first return of spirit since the happening of my misfortunes.

I well remember my feelings on my first robbery. I heard a man swearing at and lashing horses to get them through a bog, for the road was bad and the night was dark and misty. I rode on until I saw a coach and pair lumbering through the mud. Reining up at the coach window, I drew a pistol on some one—I could not see whether man or woman—and demanded the traveler's purse. I was trembling from head to foot.

"Money I have not," said a man's voice. "I give you all I have." And he handed me a ring. I slipped it on my finger and rode on, overpowered with a sense of guilt and shame. So disconcerted was I that I forgot the ring on my finger till the next morning, when I noticed that it was a gem of great beauty—a sapphire set in chased gold. A distaste for the way it had been acquired struggled in me with a woman's love for a gewgaw. Thrice I essayed to throw it away, and thrice its beauty forbade me. Then I thought I would keep it, hoping that I might again meet its owner and restore it to him.

I made but poor success as a highwayman. I struck a rich Roundhead, but he swore he had but one gold piece on his person. I took it, but later, meeting a young girl who had been turned out of her home as I had been, gave it to her with a piece besides from my own purse. I stopped only persons in coaches, for in this way I knew that I ran but little risk. Several whom I stopped recognized me for a woman, and this was their best means of defense, for as soon as I knew that my voice or my manner or a veil I wore over my face in lieu of a mask had betrayed my sex I put spurs to my horse and galloped away.

One night I was waiting beside the road to waylay some unlucky traveler when I heard the sound of horse's steps. I determined to attack what appeared to be a horseman. Stopping the way as soon as I could discern the dim outline of horse and rider, I cried:

"Halt! Your money or your life!"

"Aha, my lady!" responded a man. "So I meet you again. I recognize you for the highway woman who robbed me of my ring. There be that in your melodious voice which bespeaks your sex. I have been hunting for that voice ever since, and now I have"—

I waited to hear no more, but, turning, galloped away as fast as my horse would go. The man gave chase. At first I put some distance between him and me; but, coming to a bad piece of road, I fell away again, and he, urging his horse, gained till he rode beside me. He was about to grasp my rein when I swerved on to the turf beside the road. I rode on dry ground, but my pursuer, following me, struck a bog, in which his horse floundered, so that I made my escape.

One day I rode by the home of my father's old friend, Sir John Seymour. I was told that Sir John had held his property, but how I know not, for he was a staunch supporter of the king. Mayhap he whom regicides call the lord protector hoped to win the knight to his support and on this account would not dispossess him. I was tired of my life as a highwayman and resolved to go to Sir John and ask him to take me in till I had communicated with an aunt in Scotland, who had some property, and whom I hoped eventually might take me in. I would stay with her till I could find some more respectable way of gaining a livelihood than cutting purses. To tell the truth, I had given away every penny I had taken, and my own means that I had brought from home had now become so exhausted that I was near the end of my rope. Moreover, the country being now settled, I dreaded lest I dangle at the end of another rope placed about my neck by the sheriff.

So I sold my horse and with the money received for him bought me a gown and other articles of woman's apparel and one day betook myself to Sir John Seymour's manor house. He was in the garden as I entered and, seeing me, came to meet me. When he recognized me for his old friend's daughter he took me in his arms and kissed me and then led me in to Lady Seymour, who received me with tears in her eyes.

I made known my purpose in coming to them and Sir John swore that I should never depart. They begged me to tell them all that had happened since I had been turned out of my home, and, not being a good liar, I had much trouble to account for the time that had elapsed. I told them that I had been knitting purses for a living, which satisfied them, and I was glad of it, for they were fast driving me into a corner.

Their only son, Herbert, they told me, had been grievously wounded at Naseby and had not until a few [illegible] able to go about as other men. He was now in London. They feared in some conspiracy for the return of King Charlie—but would be home in a few days. Herbert's portrait, painted when he was a boy of ten, hung in the hall, and it recalled him to me when, as a little girl, I had run races with him in our own domain, for, as I have said, my tastes were those of a boy rather than a girl.

When he returned and heard I was in the house he came hunting for me at once, finding me in the library, where I was pretending to read, but in reality waiting for him.

"Ah, little Madge," he said cheerily, "what a woman you have grown to be! I wonder if you can now beat me in a foot race or throw me as you could when we were children."

"That would not be befitting to one of my present years," I replied.

The moment I spoke he stood, as it were, wrapt in some memory.

"Your voice reminds me," he said, "of one I have heard speak before. Suffering from my wound, I was riding in a coach on the highway one night when my valuables were demanded by one whose voice betrayed her for a woman. Having no money with me, I gave her a sapphire ring. Something in that voice has haunted me ever since. A second time she demanded my purse. I made it known that I recognized her, whereupon she turned and ran. My horse floundered in a bog, and I lost her."

Every effort was needed to enable me to retain my equanimity. I had the ring I had robbed him of on my finger with the sapphire turned inward and was grasping it while he spoke, with my fist. So tightly did I hold it, that it cut the flesh, and yet so terror stricken was I that I felt no pain. Alas, by this I betrayed myself!

"What hold you so tight?" he asked, his eyes fixed to my clinched fist.

My cheeks were flaming, my head swam. He seized my fist and tried to open it. I held so tightly that it was a long while before he succeeded. Then when I could struggle no longer he pulled my hand open and saw his sapphire.

"I have caught you at last, my robber!" he exclaimed, catching me in his arms and covering my face with kisses. "And now the tables are turned. It is I who rob you of kisses, every kiss being worth to me more than the ring you extorted."

That's a long while ago. The king is with us, and our estates are restored to us. Mine is united with that of Sir Herbert Seymour. He says he fell in love with a robber for her voice and married her to get back his own. I retort that to repay him for taking his jewel I have given him an estate larger than his own.

A SINGULAR CASE

Of Supposed Murder and Its Consequences

By ORVILLE GRANT

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One evening in the early part of the last century a man alighted from the daily mail coach before the Royal Arms, in Londonderry, Ireland. The porter took down a large trunk, or, rather, ironbound box such as was frequently used by travelers in those days, and carried it into the inn. The man was dressed in the costume of the period—a beaver hat, the crown sloping toward the top; a "spiketail" green coat, with snuff colored knee breeches, ruffled shirt and shoes with silver buckles. His face was cleanly shaven.

The stranger entered his name as Algernon Perkins and was assigned to room No. 25, on the second floor. Drawing out his wallet, he counted out 100 sovereigns ($500) and deposited them with the landlord for safe keeping. He then went to his room, ordering his supper to be sent up to him.

About 10 o'clock the same night a man with a fiery red beard, a beaver bell crown hat, a buff coat with flowing shirt and trousers, recently in fashion, tight to the skin and strapped over his instep, entered the same inn, gave his name as David Brough and called for a room.

"I should like my old rooms," he said, "Nos. 25 and 26."

The landlord failed to remember the man, but, not caring to admit the fact, told him that No. 26 was occupied, but 25 was vacant. With an expression of dissatisfaction at not getting both rooms he accepted the substitute. Then he went upstairs.

Later Mr. Brough in his nightshirt opened his door, called a porter who was passing through the hall, slipped a half sovereign into his hand and said to him:

"I'm to go off in the Royal mail early in the morning and wish my trunk to be ready to lift on to the coach. Carry it down and leave it in the hall below, near the front door."

The porter pocketed the tip, carried the trunk downstairs and placed it beside the front door. The landlord, who was nodding behind the bar, roused himself and asked what he was doing. [illegible] gentleman who was going early next morning had ordered him to place the trunk where it would be ready. The landlord soon after took a [illegible] and went to his rooms.

At 5 o'clock in the morning a milkman, stopping at the Royal Arms to deliver milk, saw a man with a red beard emerge from the front door of the inn carrying a heavy trunk on the [illegible] weight of which [illegible] pass down the street. The milkman delivered the inn's morning's supply of milk and drove away, thinking no more of the matter.

At 10 o'clock the same morning a housemaid reported to the landlord [illegible] his room; that she had listened at the door without hearing any sound, and she believed the room was vacant. The landlord went to the room with her, knocked and, receiving no reply, knocked open the door.

The room was found vacant and in confusion. It communicated with No. 25, that had been taken by Mr. Brough, and as no one remembered to have seen that gentleman since the night before the landlord tapped on the door between the two rooms. Receiving no reply, he opened the door, went into the room and found that the bed had not been slept in. Bloodstains were found on the towels.

Subsequently the porter told how he had been paid a large fee by the occupant of No. 25 to carry down his trunk, and the landlord remembered that No. 25 had no luggage. Then came the milkman and told of having seen a man in a buff suit carrying a trunk out of the inn early in the morning. Lastly the landlord remembered that he had a hundred sovereigns of Mr. Perkins' money in his strongbox.

The case excited a great deal of attention in the country roundabout. Peculiar circumstances connected with it contributed to fire the public curiosity. Did Mr. Brough go to the hotel purposely to murder Mr. Perkins? Who was Perkins, and who was Brough? Did Brough get a sufficient amount to pay him for killing a man and forever after being hunted by the police and haunted by his conscience? The favorite theory was that Brough knew that Perkins had a hundred sovereigns on his person; that he had followed him to the inn, taken a room communicating with Perkins' room, entered the latter during the night, murdered Perkins, packed the body in Perkins' trunk and carried it away the next morning. But Brough was probably unaware that Perkins had deposited the money with the landlord, and probably after all missed what he was after.

Since no one knew where Mr. Brough had gone—and there were no trained detectives in those days—there was nothing to do but wait for information to come of itself. It was learned in a few days that a gentleman carrying his own trunk outside the city had stopped the coach going northward and been taken on. The man wore a buff suit and had a red beard. He was believed to be Brough but after tracing him through several towns the trail was lost.

If there was anything wanting in the matter of circumstantial proof that Perkins had been murdered it was supplied by the fact that his hundred sovereigns remained with the landlord. He neither called for it nor did any one present an order for it. And yet there were persons who believed that if he had been murdered his family would make the fact known that he was missing. No person in the country roundabout nor indeed in Ireland was reported missing, but communication in those days was very slow, and news traveled neither fast nor far. Since no further knowledge was gained as to the identity of either Brough or Perkins, after awhile interest in the case died down, and it was at last forgotten.

About the time this curious case was the talk in and around Londonderry, Ireland, a mysterious robbery occurred in London, England. Edith, daughter of Edward Trelawney, was about to be married, and her father had drawn from his bankers £3,000 for her dowry that he might have it ready for the settlements which were to be made the next day. Not having a safe in the house, he placed it under his pillow. In the morning it was gone.

He expected to find that some one of his servants had disappeared during the night, but on going downstairs he found the butler setting the table for breakfast, the housemaid dusting in the library and the cook in the kitchen. These were the only servants kept, and there was no one else in the house who could have taken the money. The matter was reported to the police, but in those days the machinery for hunting up criminals which exists today was unknown, and all hope of recovery of the treasure was abandoned within a few hours after it was lost.

Marriages in England were in that day dependent upon the settlements. The groom in this case, Thomas Nolan, had studied medicine and required capital to set him up in his profession. He would receive £10,000 from his father at the latter's death, but not till then, and if he married Miss Trelawney without a dot his father would cut him off from his inheritance. The loss of what was to have been her dowry broke off the match.

Not long after this rupture between two lovers Anthony Barton, who had for a long while been madly in love with Miss Trelawney, renewed or attempted to renew his attentions to her. But she would have nothing to do with him. He was a persistent fellow, and it was difficult for her to get rid of him. In order to help his case he told her father that he had inherited £8,000 from an uncle who had died in America. But even this failed, for, while the daughter did not love Barton, her father had a very poor opinion of him. Indeed, there was a secret understanding between Nolan and Miss Trelawney that neither would marry until he should have achieved success or had inherited his portion of his father's estate.

Two years passed, during which young Dr. Nolan, whose father would do nothing for him pecuniarily, made little progress in his profession, and marriage with a portionless girl was out of the question. One day when Miss Trelawney returned from shopping she found in her room a bag containing the lost dowry, with the exception of a hundred pounds. In the bag was a paper signed by Anthony Barton [illegible] confession and read as follows:

"When you receive this I shall be where no one will find me. They say love is ennobling. It has made me the most despicable of men. I am going to confess what I have done. I have made two mysteries. I will explain them both, but I have had a confederate. I did not steal your dowry, but I employed another to do it for me. I did not want your money, but I wanted to break off your match with Nolan, hoping that by doing so I could in time persuade you to be my wife. The man who stole the dowry took away with him as much more money. He and the money were sure to be missed and he would be hunted. I am not going to betray him. How he got your dowry, now it is returned to you, must remain a mystery. The other mystery I will explain, for you will need it to recover a hundred pounds belonging to you.

"My confederate determined to disappear from the face of the earth. Not long after his departure he put up at a hotel in Ireland, having with him a trunk in which there was little besides a change of apparel and a red beard. He left £100 with the landlord and went to his room. Dressing himself as another person and putting on the beard, he got out of a window, dropped on a shed and, going to the front door, entered as a guest, securing the room next to and communicating with his own. Then he sent his trunk downstairs, cut his finger purposely, wiping the blood on the towels, and in the morning, as the newcomer, went down and carried the trunk away.

"All this was done to leave the impression that the first guest had been murdered by the second and carried away in the trunk. The deposit he made was but a small portion of his plunder and was intended to prove that he had not left the inn alive. His ruse was successful. Some months after he put it in practice those who had lost money by him tracked him to the Irish inn and learned, as they believed, that he had been murdered there. The landlord, however, refused to pay the money the murdered man had left, without proper proofs. I think you can get it by presenting this confession, which is duly executed."

The money was recovered, but before that Dr. Nolan and Miss Trelawney had been married. As for Barton, he was never again heard from.

State.

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State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

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Member of Congress—Charles E. Patton, Curwinsville.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton, Smethport; E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank H. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adelt, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. E. Anders[illegible], Clermont; A. B. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; W. B. Glover, Secretary; J. W. Waltz, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, P. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—G. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; E. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, B. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Curtis, W. B. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, [illegible] McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work 1st degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 271, meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
C. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. [illegible], meets [illegible] I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

[illegible] C.—Smethport Branch, No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH TURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Sec'y.

[illegible] Chapter No. 15, O. E. S., meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. C. REDDICK, [illegible]

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McEwen, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League 6:15 p. m.; Evening Service 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services [illegible] a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. [illegible] Services and Sunday School every Sunday Afternoon.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—[illegible], pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—[illegible] Services at the Baptist [illegible] Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

Dan Cooper is a visitor at Olean to-day.

Kenneth Mayo was a Buffalo visitor this week.

Miss Orra Gleason was a Kane visitor Sunday.

Miss Eugene McGowan is visiting relatives in Kane.

Miss Teresa Sullivan of Kane spent Tuesday in town.

W. H. Gallup is in Cleveland, Ohio, on business this week.

Harry Jack of Bradford was a visitor in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle were Olean visitors Monday.

Mrs. L. B. Stull of Denver, Colo., is visiting friends in Olean.

P. H. Connolly is visiting relatives in Coudersport and Olean.

Walter Digel went to Westbrook's academy at Olean, Monday.

J. C. Gallup has returned from a trip to Buffalo and Toronto.

C. S. King of Port Allegany was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

E. T. Newman left last Friday for a business visit to Syracuse.

Judge Thomas Prather of Meadville had business at court this week.

John P. Melvin was a business visitor in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Leona Hogarth was the guest of relatives in Bradford over Sunday.

J. S. Kenemuth of Rew City, was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday.

W. J. Milliken of Bradford attended argument court Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Holcomb of Bradford are guests of relatives in town.

John Bright, of New Castle, Pa., is the guest of his son, Prof. Stanley Bright.

Miss Bessie Engstrom was the guest of Mrs. Frank Dunbar at Olean Tuesday.

Misses Sarah Greer and Anna Burg entertained at "The Nook" Wednesday evening.

A. R. Pierce, Clarence Sherer and Walter Brenneman were Olean visitors Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Choate and Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Marks were Olean visitors Tuesday.

[illegible] Carlson who has been visiting friends in Smethport returned to Buffalo Monday.

John Eckstrom of Jamestown, N. Y., was the guest of relatives in town the first of the week.

The [illegible] and Hazel Green left Saturday for a visit with their brother, [illegible], in Buffalo.

[illegible] left Thursday for Wichita [illegible], Texas, where he will join his [illegible].

Miss [illegible] who has been the guest of [illegible] Marie [illegible], left Monday for [illegible], N. Y.

[illegible] Wright of St. Mary's, [illegible] her mother, Mrs. [illegible] this week.

[illegible] Kane [illegible] of friends in [illegible] the fore part of the week.

[illegible] returned to [illegible] spending two weeks with her [illegible] Mrs. C. W. Lilgendahl.

[illegible] George [illegible] were the [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] of Olean Wednesday [illegible] of Smethport [illegible]

[illegible] returned to her [illegible] Monday [illegible] place.

[illegible]

Miss Genevieve Crissy left for Brooklyn Sunday after a two weeks' visit at the home of her mother, Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman.

Mrs. M. J. Welch and son, Edward, of Olean have returned home, having spent several days with relatives and friends in town.

Miss Octavia Raymer returned to Wellsboro, Pa., Monday after a two weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Henderson left Friday for Hornell, N. Y., after a short visit with the former's sister, Mrs. W. O. Herzog.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Herzog have returned from Jamestown, N. Y., where they have been the guests of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bray and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Mosier of Farmers Valley returned Tuesday evening from a visit to the Toronto fair.

Miss Linnea Lilgendahl, after spending Labor Day at her home, returned to Limestone, N. Y., where she will continue her teaching.

Robert Daly left this morning for a short visit in Erie. On Sunday he will leave that city for Nortre Dame College where he will take up the study of electrical engineering.

Mrs. C. W. Lilgendahl and daughters, Misses Linnea and Ellen, and son, Carlton, and Hugo Carlson of Buffalo were Warren visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Holcomb of Toronto, Can., are guests of the former's brother, S. W. Holcomb and family. This is the first time in thirty-seven years that the brothers have met.

M. Dunn of Hattisburg, Miss., who has been visiting friends in this section for the past three weeks, was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday. Mr. Dunn leaves for his home on Saturday.

Hon. R. W. Hilton is in Olean, F. L. Sherburne is in Warsaw, N. Y., and Walter Daly is in Hamburg this week securing attractions and horses for the fair to be held here next week.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Morrison, sons, J. Lawrence and Allen, were in Fredonia, N. Y., the first of the week to attend the Abbitt-McManus wedding. Mrs. Abbitt, nee Florence McManus, is a niece of Mrs. W. H. Morrison and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell and has many friends in this place who wish her much happiness.

BUSH HILL ITEMS.

Fall will soon be here.

Frank Fay is visiting relatives in Olean.

Dolores Haley who has been spending her summer vacation with her aunt, Mrs. Thomas Smith, of this place, returned to her home in Buffalo on Tuesday.

Mrs. Anna McKiernan is having her house rebuilt and painted and will be a very beautiful residence when it is completed.

A number of the Bush Hill young people attended Grange at Farmers Valley Saturday evening.

Homer Freer of Port Allegany spent Sunday with friends and relatives of this place.

Miss Chloe Lyle of Smethport is teaching Bush Hill school this year.

Miss Lena Smith of this place is visiting friends and relatives in Buffalo.

Mrs. T. H. Van Sickle spent Sunday with Mrs. J. T. Gillen of Pleasant Valley.

The Bush Hill ball team announces that they will play a star game with Farmers Valley next Sunday, Sept. 10, on Bush Hill.

"So come one and all
Both great and small,
And watch the Bush
Hill boys play ball."

Miss Katheryn Smith has been having some dental work done.

The Misses Anna and Minnie Cleveland and Katheryn and Margaret Smith, Grace Sebang and Mabel Galpin of this place attended confirmation at St. Elizabeth's church at Smethport, where Misses Jennie and Sarah Smith were confirmed.

Theo Cleveland and Wellend Freer of this place departed for Olean Tuesday where they will attend the fair.

Charles Curtis is very busy threshing in this section.

B. Stelle of Port Allegany was visiting friends in this place Friday evening.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending September 2, 1911:

Conwell, Mr. Jas.
Kimball, Mr. E.
Maynard, Mr. Dawson S.
Maynard, Mr. D. S.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice.

Pursuant to Rule 10, Class 1, Sub-section 1, of the rules of the State Board of Law Examiners, notice is hereby given that Raymond L. Skinner of Port Allegany, McKean County, Pennsylvania, will apply to said State Board of Law Examiners for a certificate of admission to the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth on October 4th, 1911, or as soon thereafter as he may be heard.

Her Importance.

Herbert Spencer once told this story of a woman of his acquaintance: "Vain as well as vulgar minded, she professed to have a high admiration of Shakespeare and was partial to reading his plays aloud and considered that she declaimed the speeches extremely well. On one occasion, after enlarging upon her reverence for him, she ended by saying: 'Ah, I often wish that he were alive and that I had him here. How we would enjoy one another's conversation!'"

Sure to Know.

"I understand that you have bought some remarkably expensive gowns here in Paris."

"Yes, but what's the use? Few people know whether a gown is really expensive or not."

"Wait until you reach the customs inspectors."—Pittsburg Post.

Some men do not make fortunes for the sake of living, but, blinded by avarice, live for the sake of money getting.—Juvenal.

WASTED ELOQUENCE.

His One Great Speech Was Wholly Lost on President Cleveland.

Colonel Franklin Pierce Morgan of Washington and New York never made but one great speech, and the story of it is pathetic. His audience was Grover Cleveland, then president of the United States, and his purpose was to secure a pardon for a murderer named O'Neil, in whom the colonel had become interested.

"I'll never forget that day," said the colonel in telling about the incident. "I had told Dan Lamont the day before that I intended to ask Cleveland to pardon O'Neil, who was a creature of the dark places at times, but a pretty good fellow at that. Cleveland had taken the precaution to send to the department of justice and get the papers in the case.

"I got up early the next morning, had a massage and was feeling tiptop. I got in to see Cleveland, and I spoke twenty minutes. Never in my life, before or since, have I been as eloquent as I was pleading for that fellow O'Neil. The end of every sentence I uttered brushed the edges off a cloud. I concluded my argument confident that I had swept the president off his feet.

"'Mr. Morgan,' he said, 'is that all you have to say on behalf of your friend?'

"Mind you, he said 'friend.'

"'Yes, Mr. President,' I said. 'I think that's all.'

"'Mr. Morgan,' he replied, 'never as long as I am in the White House shall that consummate scoundrel—consummate scoundrel, mind you—get out of the penitentiary.'

"What's the use of eloquence, anyhow?" concluded the colonel.—Buffalo Express.

AN ARTIST OF NERVE.

Remarkable Daring and Coolness In an Alpine Accident.

The architect Viollet le Duc was one day on the Schwarzenberg glacier at a height of about 9,000 feet, accompanied by Baptiste, the guide, who marched in front. The two men were attached to each other by a rope, as is usual in Alpine mountaineering.

The guide had passed over a crevasse, but when M. Viollet le Duc attempted to cross it he failed and fell into the abyss. The guide tried to pull him out, but instead he found himself gradually descending.

The architect perceived that his companion if he persisted in the attempt to save him would surely share his fate, and he asked if Baptiste had a family.

"A wife and children," was the answer.

"Then," said Viollet le Duc quietly, "I shall cut the rope."

He did so and fell, but a block of ice thirty feet lower down stopped his descent. When Baptiste saw this and that for a time the danger was lessened he went in search of help and returned with four stout peasants. Three hours afterward Viollet le Duc was extricated.

In spite of his perilous position the ruling passion was strong with the artist, for, although he was almost covered with icicles from the dripping water, he had contrived to make drawings of the novel effects he was able to perceive.

Stewed Apples.

To stew apples so each quarter is unbroken and so clear one can almost see through it is an art, and yet it is a simple thing to do if one only knows how. Peel tart apples very thin, cut them in quarters and remove the cores and seeds. As fast as you can peel and quarter them drop the apples in a saucepan in which you have already placed cold water to the depth of two inches. When the apples are all in, put the saucepan over a slow fire, cover it till the water reaches the boiling point, then remove the cover and let the apples simmer almost imperceptibly till you can pierce them easily with a broom splint; then sprinkle the sugar over them and let them just simmer until it is all melted. Remove the saucepan from the fire and let it stand where the apples will get cold before turning them into a dish for the table.

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Smethport - - - - Pa.

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your account.

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MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries
Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

For Sale.

Three cows due to be fresh Dec. 1st. Also a good farm team cheap.

WM. J. WILLSON,
Sept.7-tf Colegrove, Pa.

Red Russian Seed Wheat for Sale.

Came from Montana. Planted last October.

M. E. CHRISMAN,
Sept.7-3t Eldred, Pa.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1911.

First and final account of Josephine Dessy, Administratrix of the estate of Telesphor Dessy, deceased.

First and final account of Fred E. Gleason, Administrator of the estate of Richmond Nichols, deceased.

First and partial account of T. F. Mullin, Administrator of J. P. Mullin, deceased, who was Administrator of the estate of Hazel H. Barr, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of John E. Cronk, Administrator of the estate of E. B. Cronk, deceased.

First and final account of E. D. Everts, Guardian of Ethel Cobb, late a minor child of Albert Cobb, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of James Quirk, Administrator of the estate of John Connor, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of W. O. Blee, Executor of the last will and testament of Calista Blee, deceased.

First and final account of Carrie Perry, et al., Executors of the last will and testament of Sarah Kinney, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Victor Engstrom, Guardian of Linnea Lilgendahl, late a minor child of Charles W. Lilgendahl, deceased.

First and final account of Carl Engstrom, Administrator of the estate of John E. Classson (also known as John E. Nicklasson), deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Addison D. Crisman, Guardian of Nora P. Cousins, late minor child of Martha Crisman, deceased.

First and final account of John Quinn, Guardian of Genevieve Atkins, late minor child of Mary Atkins, deceased.

First and final account of Laurie B. Lanphere and Leroy M. Lanphere, Executors of A. E. Lanphere, deceased, who was Executor of the last will and testament of John Frazey, deceased.

First and final account of H. M. Wick, Executor of the last will and testament of William Patterson Hendershott, deceased.

First and final account of William C. Kennedy, and Harry M. Wick, Executors of the last will and testament of Frank J. Collins, deceased.

First and final account of H. C. Jones, Administrator of the estate of Julien E. Tucker, deceased.

First and final account of H. M. Wick, Administrator of the estate of Philip De Stroefy, deceased.

First and final account of Mary Stateler, Administratrix of the estate of Catherine Nightingale, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN,
Register
Smethport, Pa., September 2, 1911.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. 7, February Term, 1911

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, [illegible] Chapin, did on the [illegible] day of [illegible], 1911, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Eva C. Chapin.

We therefore command you, the said Eva C. Chapin, that setting aside all other business, and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday in [illegible] next, to answer the petition or libel of [illegible] Chapin, and show cause, if any you have, why the said [illegible] Chapin, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Hereof fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff
Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1911.
[illegible], Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No. [illegible], February Term, 1911

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Elizabeth Hildreth, did on the 27th day of June, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles Hildreth.

We therefore command you, the said Charles Hildreth, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the first Monday in [illegible] next, to answer the petition or libel of Elizabeth Hildreth and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elizabeth Hildreth, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Hereof fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H. MORRISON, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1911.
J. A. Fitzgerald, Libellant's Atty.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six of article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the County of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and co-ordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such a manner as shall be provided by rules of the court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the County of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine, Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the construction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

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